THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1882.

THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—Pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would the sins that thou abhorrest.
O Soul ! could thus decay,
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie, eleyson !
Christe, eleyson !

—*Longfellow.*

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow ;
And the winter winds are wearily sighing ;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.

He lieth still : he doth not move :
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,
And the New-year will take them away.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack ! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

—*Tennyson.*

THE BEGINNINGS OF METHODISM IN THE NEW WORLD.

Old Rigging Loft, New York.

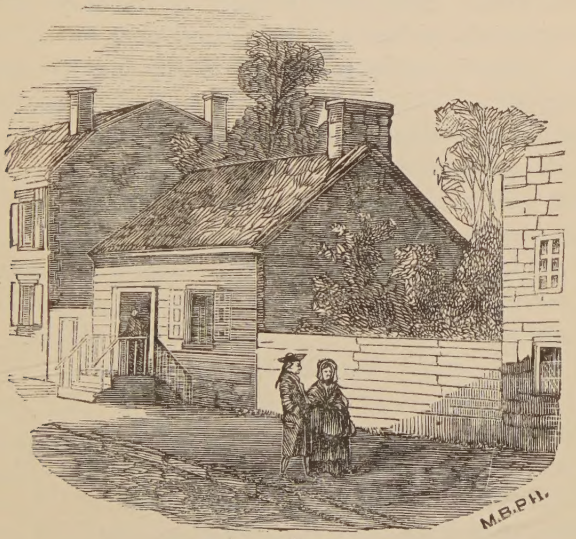
It is a remarkable fact that by the hand of a woman the germ of Methodism was first planted, both in the United States of America, and in what is now the Dominion of Canada. "On a spring morning of 1760," writes one who was familiar with the story, "a group of emigrants might have been seen at the Custom House Quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America. At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say 'farewell' for the last time. One of these about to leave—a young man with a thoughtful look and a resolute bearing—is evidently leader of the party, and more than an ordinary pang is felt by many as they bid him farewell. He had been one of the first-fruits of his countrymen to Christ, the leader of the infant Church, and in their humble chapel, had often ministered to them the word of life. He is surrounded by his spiritual children and friends, who are anxious to have some parting words of counsel and advice. He enters the vessel, and from its side once more breaks among them the bread of life. And now the last prayer is offered; they

embrace each other; the vessel begins to move. As she recedes, uplifted hands and uplifted hearts attest what all felt. And none of all that vast multitude felt more, probably, than that young man. His name was Philip Embury. His party consisted of his wife, Mary Sweitzer (remarkable for her personal beauty, and recently married, at the early age of sixteen, to her noble husband), his two brothers and their families, Paul Heck, and Barbara his wife, and others. Who among the crowd that saw them leave could have thought that two of the little band were destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should live long as the sun and moon endure? Yet so it was. The vessel contained Philip Embury, the first class-leader and local-preacher of Methodism on the American continent, and Barbara Heck, 'a mother in Israel,' one of its first members, the germ from which, in the good providence of God, has sprung the Methodist Church of the United States [and Canada]; a Church which has now under its influence about seven millions of the germinant mind of that new and teeming hemisphere!"

After a weary voyage of many weeks the "destined vessel, richly freighted," safely reached New York on the 10th of August, 1760. Amid the disappointments of hope deferred, and the novel temptations by which they were surrounded, deprived, too, of the spiritual ministrations with which they had been favoured in the old home, these humble Irish Palatines seem to have sunk into religious apathy and despondency, and, like the exiles of Babylon, to have said, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Embury seems to have lost his zeal, and, constitutionally diffident, to have shrank from the responsibility of religious leadership. While he justly ranks as the founder of American Methodism, Barbara Heck, as Dr. Stevens well remarks, may even take precedence of him as its foundress. She nourished, during all this time, her religious life by communion with God and with her old German Bible.

Five years later other Palatines, some of them relatives or old friends of the Emburys and Hecks, arrived at New York. Few of these were Wesleyans, and some made no profession of religion whatever. In the renewal of social intercourse between the old and new arrivals a game of cards was introduced. There is no evidence that any of the Wesleyans took part in this worldly amusement. But Barbara Heck felt that the time had come to

speak out in earnest remonstrance against the spiritual declension of which she regards this occupation as the evidence. In the spirit of an ancient prophetess she seized the cards and threw them into the fire, and solemnly warned the players of their danger and their duty. Under a divine influence she went straightway to the house of their cousin Philip, Embury, and "falling prostrate" before him, she appealed to him to be no longer silent, "entreating him with tears." With a keen sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock, she exclaimed, "You must preach to us or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand."



EMBURY HOUSE.

"I cannot preach, for I have neither house nor congregation," he replied.

Nevertheless, at her earnest adjuration, he consented to preach in "his own hired house," and this mother in Israel sallied forth and collected four persons, who constituted his first audience. Its composition was typical of the diverse classes which the vast organization of which it was the germ was to embrace.

"Small as it was," says Dr. Stevens, "it included white and black, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministration of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of the agency of woman to which an inestimable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church

is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list, with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his 'hired man;' and by her side an African servant called 'Betty.' Thus Methodism began its ministration among the poor and lowly, destined within a century to cover with its agencies a vast continent, and to establish its missions in every quarter of the globe."

At the close of this first Methodist sermon ever preached in America, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class, which he continued to meet from week to week. This little company continued to increase, and soon grew too large for Philip Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room which was immediately crowded. "No small excitement," says Dr. Stevens, "began quickly to prevail in the city on account of the meetings." Philip Embury, toiling all the week for the bread that perisheth, continued from Sabbath to Sabbath to break unto the people the bread of life. As in the case of the Great Preacher, "the common people heard him gladly." He was one of themselves, and spoke to them of common needs and of a common Saviour, and their hearts responded warmly to his earnest words.

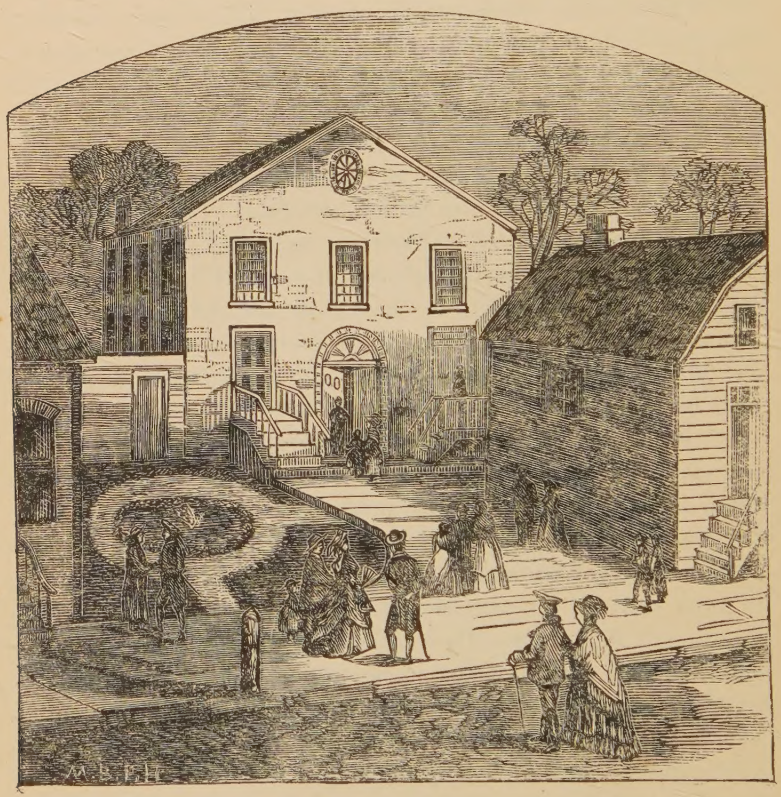
One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulettes, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the King's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived. In the good and brave Captain Webb, they found a fast friend and a fellow-labourer in the Lord. He was one of Wesley's local preachers, who, sent with his regiment to America, found out the New York Methodists and gladly cast in his lot with them. He soon took his stand at Embury's preaching desk "with his sword on it by the side of the open Bible," and declared to the people the word of life. The preaching of the soldier-saint roused the whole city, and promoted at once the social prestige and religious prosperity of the humble Church. For the ten years that he continued in America he was the chief founder of Methodism on the continent, preaching everywhere among the seaboard towns and villages. "The old soldier," said President John Adams, "was one of the most eloquent men I ever heard." He had the honour of introducing Methodism into the Quaker City, where to-day it is so powerful, as well as of planting it in many of the towns of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Long Island.

In 1767 the famous "Rigging Loft," in William Street, was hired for the growing New York congregation; but "it could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative, but where could this humble congregation obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed an economical plan for the erection of the church, which she believed to be a suggestion from God. It was adopted by the society, and "the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere," says Dr. Stevens, "was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted woman. Captain Webb entered heartily into the undertaking. It would probably not have been attempted without his aid. He subscribed thirty pounds towards it, the largest sum by one-third, given by one person." They appealed to the public for assistance, and the subscription list is still preserved, representing all classes, from the Mayor of the city down to African female servants, designated only by their Christian names.

A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the business portion of the city, surrounded by the banks of Wall Street, and the palaces of Broadway, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to avoid the penalties of the law, it was provided with a fireplace and chimney. Its interior, though long unfinished, was described as "very neat and clean, and the floor sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." "Embury being a skilful carpenter, wrought diligently upon its structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to whitewash its walls." There were at first no stairs or breastwork to the gallery; it was reached by a rude ladder. The seats on the ground floor were plain benches without backs. Embury constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made and dedicated the humble temple to the worship of God. It received the name of 'Wesley Chapel,' and was the first in the world to receive that honoured name."

Within two years we hear of at least a thousand hearers crowding the chapel and the space in front. It has been more

than once reconstructed since then, but a portion of the first building is still visible. A wooden clock, brought from Ireland by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of worship. Marble tablets on the walls commemorate the name and virtues of Barbara Heck and Embury, and of Ashbury and Summerfield, faithful pastors, whose memory is still fragrant throughout the continent. This mother-church of American Methodism will long continue



OLD JOHN STREET METHODIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.
First Methodist Church in America.

to attract the footsteps of many a devout pilgrim to the birthplace of the Church of his fathers and of his own religious fellowship. He will discern what potency God can give to even a feeble instrumentality, that with Him there is neither great nor small, that He can make one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight.

Methodism having now been established by lay agency in the

First Methodist Sermon in Baltimore.

largest city in the New World, it was soon destined to be planted, by the same means, in the waste places of the country. John Wesley, at the solicitation of Captain Webb and other Methodists in America, had sent from England as missionaries, to carry on the good work begun in New York, Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor, the pioneers of an army of twenty thousand Methodist preachers on this continent.

To those Philip Embury readily gave up his pulpit, and shortly after, in 1770, removed with his family, together with Paul and Barbara Heck, and other Palatine Methodists, to Salem, Washington County, New York, near Lake Champlain.

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that shortly after Embury had introduced Methodism into New York, another Irish local preacher, Robert Strawbridge by name, was the means of its introduction into the Province of Maryland. Like Embury, he preached first in his own house, and afterwards in a humble "log meeting-house," the prototype of thousands such which were destined to rise as golden candlesticks amid the moral darkness all over this vast continent.

Captain Webb had the distinguished honour of being the founder of Methodism in Philadelphia, and its zealous propagandist in many other places on the Atlantic seaboard.

The honour of preaching the first Methodist sermon in Baltimore, says Dr. Daniel, belongs to John King, an English local preacher, who landed at Philadelphia in 1769. Finding that a large field was here open for the Gospel, he felt moved to devote himself wholly to the work of the ministry, and at once offered his services to the society in Philadelphia, and desired of them a license to preach. While the brethren hesitated about the matter, King made an appointment to preach in the Potter's Field, and there demonstrated his ability by a rousing Gospel sermon among the graves of the poor.

His pulpit on the occasion of his first advent at Baltimore, was a blacksmith's block as represented in the accompanying picture, the topography of which was studied from the location itself. The shop stood on what is now Front Street. The foot-bridge here shown spanned the stream near Jones' Falls. The manson in the distance is Howard Park, at the time the residence of Colonel John Howard. These grounds now comprise one of the finest portions of Baltimore, containing, among other notable

structures, the famous Washington Monument, and the elegant Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church.

His next sermon was from a table, at the junction of Baltimore and Calvert Streets. His courage was tested on this occasion, for it was the militia training-day, and the drunken crowd charged upon him so effectually as to upset the table and lay him prostrate on the earth. He knew, however, that the noblest preachers of Methodism had suffered like trials in England, and he maintained his ground courageously. The commander of the troops, an Englishman, recognized him as a fellow-countryman, and defending him, restored order, and allowed him to proceed. Victorious over the mob, he made so favourable an impression as to be invited to preach in the English Church of St. Paul's, but improved that opportunity with such fervour as to receive a repetition of that courtesy. It is recorded that he "made the dust fly from the old velvet cushion" of the pulpit, and it is to be feared that, under the exhilarating effects of such unwonted good fortune, he may have partly forgotten Mr. Wesley's adjuration not to scream.

Meanwhile the Hecks and Emburys in their new home in the wilderness ceased not to prosecute their providential mission—the founding of Methodism in the New World. While they sowed with seed grain the virgin soil, they sought also to scatter the good seed of the kingdom in the hearts of their neighbours. Embury continued his labours as a faithful local preacher, and soon among the sparse and scattered population of settlers was formed a "class"—the first within the bounds of the Troy Conference, which has since multiplied to two hundred preachers and twenty-five thousand members.

Embury seems to have won the confidence and esteem of his rural neighbours no less for his practical business efficiency and sound judgment than for his sterling piety, as we find him officiating as magistrate as well as preacher.

He received, while mowing in his field, in the summer of 1775—the year of the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—so severe an injury that he died suddenly, at the early age of forty-five.

"He was," writes Asbury, who knew him well, "greatly beloved and much lamented." He was buried, after the manner of the primitive settlers, on the farm on which he had lived and laboured. "After reposing," writes Dr. Stevens, "fifty-seven

years in his solitary grave without a memorial, his remains were disinterred with solemn ceremonies, and borne by a large procession to the Ashgrove burial-ground, where their resting-place is marked by a monument recording that he 'was the first to set in motion a train of measures which resulted in the founding of John Street Church, the cradle of American Methodism, and the introduction of a system which has beautified the earth with salvation and increased the joys of Heaven.'"

The loyal Palatines, whose forefathers had enjoyed a refuge from persecution under the British flag, would not share the revolt against the Mother Country of the American colonists. On the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, therefore, they main-

Embury's Grave.

tained their allegiance to the old flag by removing to Lower Canada, in 1775. Here they remained for ten years, chiefly in Montreal. Although we have scanty record of that period we cannot doubt that the religious fervour of Barbara Heck, of whose earlier and subsequent manifestations we have such striking examples, did not slumber during that long period.

In 1785 a number of the Palatine exiles removed to Upper Canada, then newly organized as a colony, and settled in the township of Augusta, on the River St. Lawrence. Among these were John Lawrence and Catharine his wife, who was the widow of Philip Embury; Paul and Barbara Heck, and other Palatine Methodists. True to their providential mission, they

became the founders and pioneers of Methodism in Upper Canada as they had been in the United States. A "class" was forthwith organized, of which Samuel Embury, walking in the footsteps of his sainted father, was the first leader. Thus six years before the advent into Upper Canada of William Losee, the first regular Methodist preacher who entered the country, Methodism was already organized through the energies of these honoured lay agents.

The first Methodist meeting-house in Canada was built at Hay Bay, Adolphustown, a deep indentation of the beautiful Bay of Quinte. It was a barn-like, wooden structure, thirty-six feet by thirty, two stories high, with galleries, which still existed a few years ago in a tolerable state of preservation. On the subscription list appear the names of Embury, Buckle, and other of the godly Palatines, whose memory is associated forever with the introduction of Methodism to this continent and to this Dominion. This year also died, at his home at Augusta, in the faith of the Gospel, Paul Heck, aged sixty-two years. His more retiring character shines with a milder radiance beside the more fervid zeal of his heroic wife.

Barbara Heck survived him about twelve years, and died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, in 1804, aged seventy years. "Her death," writes Dr. Stevens, "was befitting her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure.

Many of the descendents of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in our Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, jun., Esq., long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee steward of three of the largest Methodist Churches in Montreal.

The Rev. Dr. Carrol writes of a grandson of Paul and Barbara Heck: "He was a probationer in the Wesleyan ministry when he was called to his reward. He was eminently pious, a clear-headed theologian, and a preacher of promise. His father, Samuel Heck, was an eminent local-preacher for more than forty years, and by his consistency, earned the meed of universal respect; and from none more than from his immediate neighbours, to whom he preached nearly every second Sabbath during the whole period." "Jacob Heck," (his brother) continues the writer, "was one of the best read men we ever had the happiness to converse with, and one whose conversation was as lively and playful as it was instructive. We never saw a finer old man. We can imagine we can now see his venerable white head, stooping form, and sparkling dark eyes, and also hear his ringing, hearty laugh. He showed his amiability by his fondness for little children, who were equally fond of him. The ten surviving grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck are pious, and many of their great-grandchildren also."

On the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of our country. Here on a gentle rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre" in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in two hemispheres as the mother of Methodism on this continent in both the United States and Canada. This spot known as the "Old Blue Church Yard," takes its name from an ancient church, now demolished, which once wore a coat of blue paint. The forest trees which cover this now sacred scene were cleared away by hands which have long since ceased from their labour and been laid to rest in the quiet of these peaceful graves. Thither devout men, amid the tears of weeping neighbours and friends, bore the remains of Paul Heck and of Barbara his wife. Here, too, slumbers the dust of the once beautiful Catharine Switzer, who, in her early youth, gave her heart to God and her hand to Philip Embury, and for love's sweet sake braved the perils of the stormy deep and the privations of pioneer life in the New World. Here sleep also, till the resurrection trump awake them, the bodies of several of the early Palatine Methodists and of many of their descendents, who, by their

patient toil, their earnest faith, their fervent zeal, have helped to make our country what it is to-day."

The Methodists of the United States worthily honoured the memory of Barbara Heck on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the planting of Methodism in that land by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois—founded through the munificence of a Methodist lady,—to be forever known as Heck Hall. Thus do two devout women, one the heir of lowly toil, the other the daughter of luxury and wealth, join hands across the century, and their names and virtues are commemorated, not by a costly but useless pillared monument, but by a "home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies."

"Barbara Heck," writes Dr. C. H. Fowler in commemoroting this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother, and the pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and, in the order of Providence, it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble; as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As we contemplate the lowly life of this true mother in Israel, and the marvellous results of which she was providentially the initiating cause, we cannot help exclaiming in devout wonder and thanksgiving, "What hath God wrought!" In the United States and Canada there are at this moment, as the outgrowth of seed sown in weakness over a century ago, a great Church organization, like a vast banyan tree, overspreading the continent, beneath whose broad canopy ten millions of souls, as members or

adherents, or one-fourth the entire population, enroll themselves by the name of Methodist. The solitary testimony of Philip Embury has been succeeded by that of a great army of twenty thousand local preachers, and nearly as many ordained ministers. Over two hundred Methodist colleges and academies unite in hallowed wedlock the principles of sound learning and vital godliness. Nearly half a hundred newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, together with a whole library of books of Methodist authorship, scatter broadcast throughout the land the religious teachings of which those lowly Palatines were the first representatives in the New World.

In these marvellous achievements we find ground not for vaunting and vain glory, but for devout humility and thankfulness to God. To all who bear the name of Methodist come with peculiar appropriateness the words of Holy Writ: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence. . . He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord."

CHRISTMAS TWILIGHT.

THERE is no hearth this Christmastide
  But some dear face is missing that was wont
  To make the joy and sunlight of our lives
Sweeter to us than all the world beside.

In twilight hours the pain is ever keen,
  And yet there comes a thought of trembling joy;
  How bright the welcome when at last we gain
The things on earth long hoped for though unseen.

IN BIBLE LANDS.

WIND STORM IN THE EAST.

OUR initial cut depicts a scene which is by no means an uncommon one in the East. Thomas Cook & Sons have reduced Oriental travel to a science. With their tents, their dragomen, their Arab escorts, their French cooks and cookery, one carries with him the comforts of civilization to the heart of the desert. The following is Dr. Ridgaway's account of the outfit for the party of twelve with which he traversed the Sinaitic peninsula:

"One dragoman, four servants, 35 camels, and 35 men and boys. As to equipage and provisions—five large and two small tents, 12 iron bedsteads and mattresses, with bedding and linen to match; three large and 10 small carpets; 250 chickens, 15 turkeys, 40 pigeons, three live sheep, 2,000 eggs, 1,200 oranges, 24 pounds of nuts, 120 pounds of raisins, 500 pounds of camel biscuits, 10

dozen jars of jam, 30 pounds of butter for cooking, ten jars of English butter for the table, 130 loaves of bread, 90 pounds of flour, 120 pounds of rice, 200 pounds of sugar, 20 pounds of tea, 90 pounds of coffee, 100 pounds of table biscuits, 12 pounds of coarse pepper, four boxes of table pepper, 10 bottles of pickles, 10 bottles of olives, 10 boxes of salt, 250 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds of onions, 200 pounds of soup and macaroni, 309 pounds of beef and mutton, two hams, six jars of tongue, 13 tin cans of beef, 36 boxes of sardines, 24 boxes of salmon, six of lobster, 17 dozen of vegetables, 400 pounds of wheat for chickens, 120 pounds of tobacco (for backsheesh), 48 plates, five large dishes, and 15 saucepans, 15 bottles of wine, brandy, etc., etc. I don't know that many *et ceteras* need be added. Surely from this inventory it was not possible that we could suffer so far as to require a miraculous interposition of manna and quails. And yet we needed to replenish at Sinai and at Akabah. In addition to these stores were large casks of water, the personal baggage of the gentlemen and servants, and the grain for the camels."

It sometimes happens in the desert, notwithstanding the utmost precautions in driving the tent pegs and tightening the cords that a windstorm will prostrate them to the earth. Sometimes the wind is hot as the breath from a furnace and is accompanied by a cloud of sand or dust, whose irritating particles penetrate every recess, and not unfrequently cause actual suffocation. The camels instinctively bury their noses in the sand, and travellers must cover their mouths to avoid inhaling the deadly dust. When the storm has passed, the skin water-bottles are often dried and shrivelled—every drop of moisture having been sucked out of them by the thirsty wind. In the foreground of our first cut are seen a couple of these water-vessels—hideous-looking things, like the bloated carcase of some dead animal.

The Dead Sea is the most remarkable body of water in the world. It was thoroughly explored by Lieut. Lynch's American expedition. With iron-built boats, drawn on trucks by camels, from Acre over Mount Lebanon to the Lake of Gennesaret, he sailed down the sinuous Jordan and spent twenty-one days on the Dead Sea and its shores. He then sent the boats overland to Jerusalem and the Mediterranean. The most remarkable feature about the Dead Sea is its intense saltness. It contains in solu-

tion nearly 25 per cent. of various salts. It is impossible to sink beneath its surface, and its waters are exceedingly pungent and acrid, and especially irritating to the eyes and throat.

The surface of this sea is 1,312 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and while the average depth of its southern part is only thirteen feet, yet in its northern portion it reaches a

Cliffs of the Dead Sea.

depth of thirteen hundred. The whole region round about bears evidence of volcanic action, and to the present day asphalt and bitumen are detached from the bottom and washed ashore. Great strata and cliffs of salt—one of which, named Usdum, still perpetuates in its name the memory of Sodom—rise in cliffs. The whole region has the appearance of a place which God hath

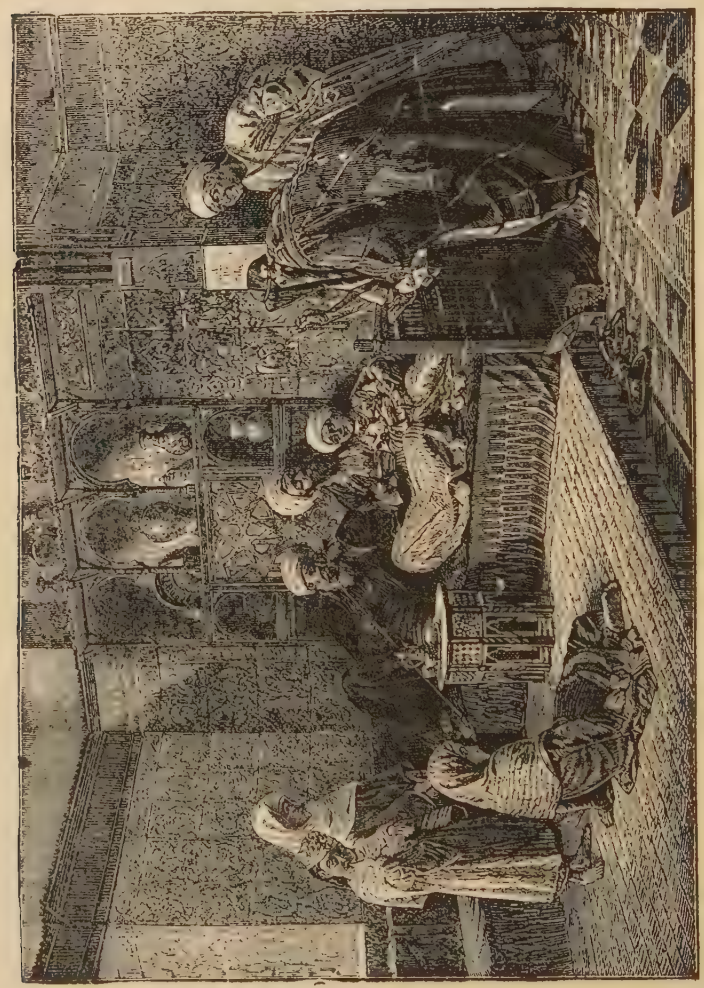
cursed. No life exists in its waters, very scanty vegetation occurs upon its treeless shores—only a few bushes, leafless and incrusted with salt, or dead trunks borne down by the Jordon strewn along its desolate strand. The mountains on each side are precipitous cliffs of limestone and sandstone in horizontal strata. On the east they rise to a height of 2,000 to 2,500 feet, traversed by deep chasms, desolate and bare of vegetation. On the west the height is not more than 1,500 feet. Beneath its waves the guilty cities of Sodom and Gomorrah lie buried.

It is not easy for tourists, unless well introduced, to gain access to the interior of Oriental houses, although the Jews are much less exclusive than the Turks. Into the family apartments of the latter, no man, except the head of the family, may enter, and into the public room the women never come—nor indeed do they ever appear to the world unless veiled—although, it must be confessed, the *yasmak*, or veil, is sometimes of such gauzy fineness that it scarce conceals the features.

Dr. Ridgaway thus describes his visit to a Jewish family at Damascus :—

"In passing through the streets one can judge nothing of the interiors—only rough, blank walls are seen for the lower stories at least, and the more modern houses do not have the picturesque latticed windows which belong to the older architecture. We entered a small, plain, cheerless court; but passed on through another gate into the central court, where the scene was almost fairy-like. Water splashed in marble fountains, over the tesselated pavement rose orange and citron trees, affording agreeable shade; while the air was perfumed by flowering shrubs and vines trained over the trellis-work. Rooms opened upon the four sides of the court; both the lower and upper stories being shaded by broad balconies supported by slender columns. In the centre of one side was the open *leewan* to which we were ushered. In the room on the right we caught a glimpse of some ladies, who were sitting on cushions on the floor. The room opposite was the reception-room, and really gorgeous in its ornamentation. The walls were wainscotted, carved, and gilt, and the ceiling ornamented in arabesque designs. The *salon* consisted of two parts —the first low, paved with marble, and having a fountain in the centre; the other, raised about two steps higher, was carpeted and surrounded by low divans, upholstered with satin. Two of

the ladies joined us; they were the wives of two brothers, who jointly occupied the house. They were soon followed by two girls, younger sisters of one of the ladies. The ladies were both very stout, they were dressed in fine white muslin, made umbecomingly, and wore a profusion of very valuable and showy jewelery. On



Interior of Oriental House.—Arab Jewel Merchant.

their feet were soft yellow slippers, and high, beautifully inlaid pattens, which clattered as they passed over the cold pavement; the latter were left in the alakeh. They seemed pleased at our admiration of their surroundings."

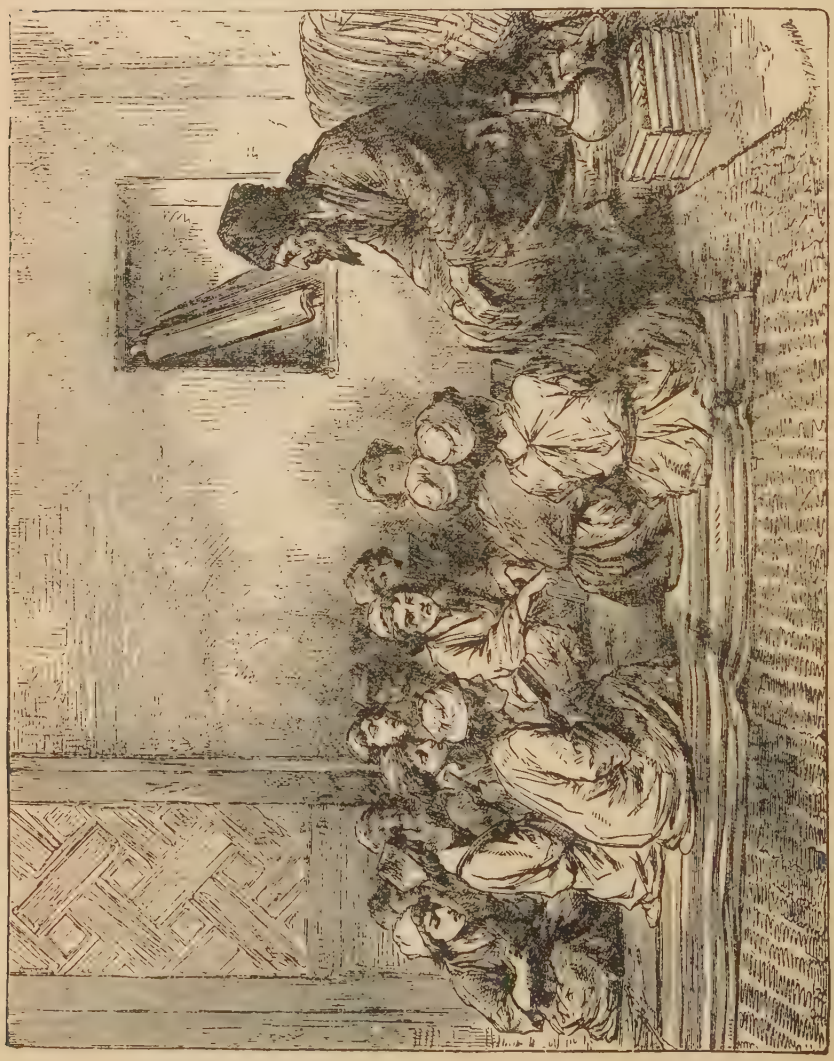
It is a mistake to imagine that Orientals do not give much attention to education. The Moslem University of Cairo is the largest in the world, with 10,000 students, and 320 professors. It dates from A.D. 975. "The Koran," says Dr. Schaff, "is the only text-book for grammar, logic, law, and philosophy, as well as theology. The University has the appearance of a huge Sunday-school. The students sit cross-legged on the floor, in small groups, reading or listening to the instructions of the teacher. There they also eat, and sleep on a blanket or straw mat. They support themselves or are supported by the alms of the faithful. The professors receive no salary, and are supported by private instruction, copying books, and presents from rich scholars. There are no benches, no chairs, no beds, no comforts of any kind. The simplicity and self-denial of this student-life is something marvellous. Our theological students could not stand it a week.

"In striking contrast to this Old University is the New University, founded by the Khedive and superintended by Mr. Dor, the minister of public instruction, a Swiss by birth. The New University represents the modern system of secular education, without religion, and affords instruction in all modern languages; while in the Old University the Koran and the Arabic are the exclusive object and organ of teaching. It numbers, however, only 300 pupils, and is looked upon with suspicion by the genuine Moslems.

"Near the New University is the library of the Khedive, founded in 1870. It numbers already over 25,000 volumes, mostly Arabic, Turkish, and French works. It is especially rich in old copies of the Koran (*musâhif*), collected from the various mosques of Cairo. They are of large size, written with the greatest skill and care, well bound, and present the finest specimens of Arab calligraphy, equal to the best mediæval manuscrpts of the Bible."

If the great University is of the character described, we cannot expect much of the village schools. In Hebron, Nazareth, or almost any Jewish town, may be witnessed the scene in our engraving. Such is the fixedness of Eastern usage that doubtless the main features of these village schools are unchanged since the days of our Lord. In such a little group in Nazareth little Jesus, the carpenter's son, may have gained that familiar acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures, that, aided by Divine wisdom, enabled Him so wisely to quote therefrom in His controversies with

Scribes and Pharisees. We, in these days, might well imitate those old Jews in teaching God's word in our schools to the young. It is a violation of our inalienable rights that, at the



School in Palestine.

dictation of a Bible-hating Church, or through the exigencies of party politics, the study of the highest rule of morality the world ever saw should be a forbidden subject in the Public Schools of Canada.

PICTURESQUE CANADA—NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

KAKABEKAH FALLS KAMINISTIQUIA RIVER.

The natural features of the great inland sea, Superior, are on a vaster scale than one sees in the lakes of other lands. The shores are much bolder and of a sterner character. The scenery is more sublime, but less beautiful. The entire north coast is indented with a thousand inlets, separated by rocky capes. These are for the most part grey, barren granite rocks with highly tilted strata, and without timber enough to carry a fire over them. They stretch like a billowy sea, wave beyond wave as far as the eye can reach, a scene of stern and savage grandeur, almost appalling in its desolation.

At the Sault Ste. Marie, the St. Mary's river, giving outlet to the mighty waters of Lake Superior, rushes like a race horse as it leaps from ledge to ledge. A short distance below, the buoy, struggling like a drowning man with the waves, shows the strength of the current. The Indians catch splendid fish in the rapids with a scoop-net, urging their frail canoes into the seething vortex of the waves.

Here in 1671, Father Allouez planted a cedar cross and graved the lilies of France, and, in the presence of a conclave of Indian Chiefs from the Red River, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence,

chanted in the depths of the forest and beside the snowy waters of St. Mary's Falls, the mediæval Latin hymn—

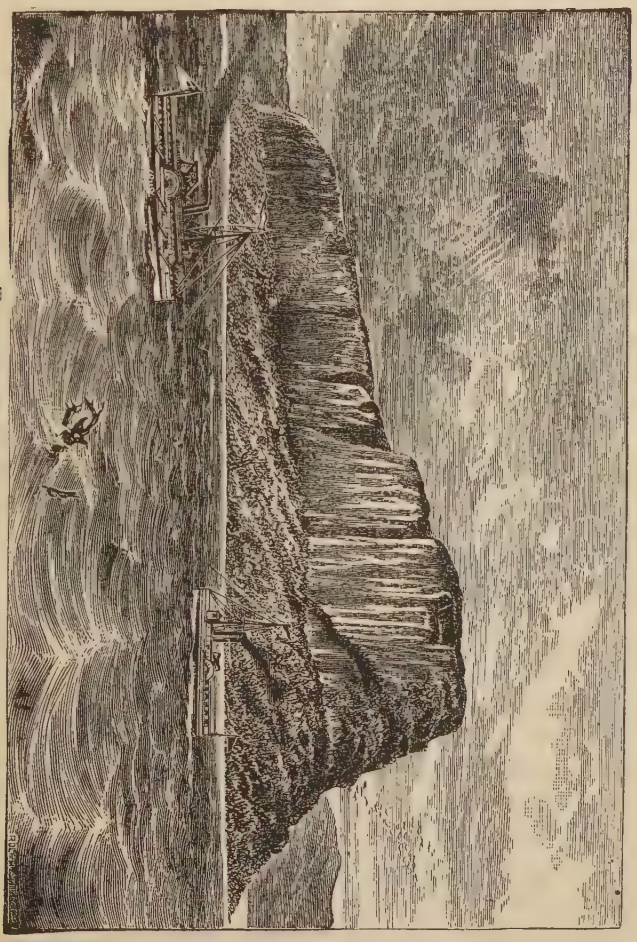
> "Vexilla Regis prodeunt.
> Fulgit crucis mysterium."
> The banners of heaven's King advance;
> The mystery of the cross shines forth.

Thus was the sovereignty of the whole country assumed in the name of his Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV. The traces of that sovereignty may be found from the shores of Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains, from Hudson Bay to Gulf of the Mexico, in many of the names, and frequently in the prevalence of the language and religion of La Belle France. The early French explorers, with a wonderful prescience, followed the great natural routes of travel, seized the keys of commerce, and left their impress on the broad features of nature in the names which they gave many of the mountains, lakes, and rivers of the continent.

Passing through the lofty headlands of Gros Cap and Point Iroquois, the northern Pillars of Hercules, some five or six miles apart, we enter the broad expanse of this mighty inland sea. It is 430 miles long, 140 broad, 1,500 miles around, and 1,200, or, according to some, 3,000 feet deep, and is 627 feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded by an almost unbroken rocky rim, from three or four hundred to thirteen or fourteen hundred feet high; rising almost abruptly from the shores. Over this the rivers fall in successive cascades, frequently of five or six hundred feet in a few miles. In consequence of their depth the waters are extremely cold, varying little from 40° Fah. They are also remarkably clear.

The entire North shore of Lake Superior gives evidence of energetic geological convulsions. These convulsions seem to have been greatest in the neighbourhood of Nipigon and Thunder Bays. Here the scenery, therefore, is of the most magnificent description and of a stern and savage grandeur, not elsewhere found. Nipigon Bay extends for nearly a hundred miles between a high barrier of rocky islands and the mainland. A sense of utter loneliness is strongly felt in sailing on these solitary waters. In all those hundred miles we saw not a single human habitation nor a human being save three squalid Indians in a birch canoe.

At the western entrance of the channel rises Fluor Island to the height of a thousand feet, like the Genius of the rocky pass arising from the sullen deep. At the south of the Nipigon River the stern-browed mountains gather around in a vast amphitheatre, like ancient Titans sitting in solemn conclave on their



THUNDER CAPE.—LAKE SUPERIOR.

solitary thrones. On every side arises "bald stately bluffs that never wore a smile." Stern and dark and reticent they stand, by beck nor sign betraying the secrets of their rocky hearts. From their sealed granite lips there cometh no tradition or refrain. They keep forevermore their lonely watch, "year after year in solitude eternal, wrapt in contemplation drear." With reveren-

tial awe they seem to stand, the clear waters laving their feet, the fleecy clouds veiling their broad clear foreheads, the dark forests girdling their loins; their grave majestic faces furrowed by the torrents, seamed and scarred by the lightnings, scathed and blasted by a thousand storms. They make one think of Prometheus warring with the eternal elements upon Mount Caucasus; of Lear wrestling with the storm and tempest; or, more appropriate still, of John the Baptist in his unshorn majesty in the wilderness; for from their rocky pulpits, more solemnly than any human voice, they proclaim man's insignificance and changefulness amid the calm and quiet changelessness of nature.

As we sail on, lofty escarpments of columnar basalt rock, like the Palisades of the Hudson, sweep sway in vast perspective into the distance, here covered with a serried phalanx of mountain pine; there a few dwarf birches creep along the heights and peer timidly over the precipice; yonder the spiry spruces seem to troop like a dark-robed procession, or to climb hand in hand up the steeps, wherever they can find foot-hold. The rocks, where bare, are frequently scratched with glacial grooves, and in some places "pot holes" are worn by travelled boulders in the softer rock by the action of the waves. Near the middle of the lake the island of La Grange rises like a Titan barn, whence its name, tree-covered to its very summit; and near it Isle Vert, clad with the dark green foliage of the spruce, relieved by the brighter hues of the mountain poplars.

When the sun goes down in golden splendour, and the deepening shadows of the mountains creep across the glowing waves, in the long purple twilight of these northern regions, a tender pensiveness falls upon the spirit. The charm of solitude is over all, and the coyness of primeval nature is felt. It seems, as Milton remarks, like treason against her gentle sovereignty not to seek out those lovely scenes.

At the entrance to Thunder Bay rises the great basaltic cliff shown on page 505, lifting its columned escarpment thirteen hundred feet in air, the most majestic object on the North Shore. Like a mighty wall it guards the noble bay against the sweep of the south-eastern tempest.

Fort William, at the time that we visited it, was about as unmilitary looking a place as it is possible to conceive. Instead

of bristling with ramparts and cannon, and frowning defiance at the world, it quietly nestles, like a child in its mother's lap, at the foot of McKay's mountain, which looms up grandly behind it. A picket fence surrounds eight or ten acres of land, within which are a large stone store-house, the residence of the chief factor and several dwelling-houses for the employees. At a little distance is the mission of the Jesuit Fathers. A couple of rusty cannon are the only warlike indications visible. Yet the aspect of the place was not always so peaceful. A strong stockade surrounded the post and a sort of barbican guarded the gateway, and stone block-houses furnished protection to its defenders. It was long the stronghold of the North-West Company, whence they waged vigorous war against the rival Hudson Bay Company.

McKAY'S MOUNTAIN, FORT WILLIAM.

Shortly after the planting of the Red River Settlement, in 1812, three hundred North-westers, plumed and painted like Indian chiefs, attacked the infant colony. Twenty-eight of the inhabitants went forth to parley. At one treacherous volley twenty-one of them were slain, and the remainder of the colonists were hunted like wolves from the blackened embers of their devastated homes. In retaliation Lord Selkirk marched a battalion of Swiss mercenaries, four hundred miles overland to Fort William, and by the aid of a cannon, which they brought with them, demolished its defences.

The exhausting conflict of forty years between the two Companies was ended by their consolidation in 1821, and Fort

William again became the chief post. In its grand Banquet Chamber the annual feasts and councils of the chief factors were held, and, alliances were formed with the Indian tribes. Thence were issued the decrees of the giant monopoly which exercised a sort of feudal sovereignty from Labrador to Charlotte's Sound, from the United States boundary to Russian-America. Thither came the plumed and painted sons of the forest to barter their furs for the knives and guns of Sheffield and Birmingham and the gay fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, and to smoke the pipe of peace with their white allies. These days have passed away. Paint and plumes are seen only in the far interior, and the furs are mostly collected far from the forts by agents of the Company. The Indians still come here in large numbers for their supplies. A Hudson Bay store-house contains a miscellaneous assortment of goods, comprising such diverse articles as snow-shoes and crinolines, blankets and cheap jewellery, canned fruit and beaver-skins. The squaws about the settlements are exceedingly fond of fancy hats, gay ribbons, and civilized finery.

About thirty miles up the Kaministiquia are the Kakabekah Falls. The river, here one hundred and fifty yards wide, plunges sheer down one hundred and thirty feet. The scenery is of a majestic grandeur which when better known will make this spot a favourite resort of the tourist and the lover of the picturesque. Already the iron horse rushes through this recent wilderness, and in a little over a single day one may glide with ease through the region which it took Sir Garnet Wolseley and his Red River Brigade nearly two months to traverse only twelve years ago.

If we reach not the height we seek,
We need not blame our fortune drear,
For to our own small selves belongs
The blame of our small sphere.

—*The Greek.*

THOMAS CHALMERS.*

BY THE REV. EDWARD B. RYCKMAN, D.D.

It is true, to a certain extent that—

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We may make our lives sublime;"

but, at the same time, the sublimity of such a life as that of Thos. Chalmers is, in many respects, quite inimitable and unattainable by ordinary mortals. Some men are more richly endowed by nature than others. They may each be as fully devoted to God as any of their fellows, as patient in toil, as strenuous in exertion, as sincere in purpose, as lowly in humility, as pure in heart, and, in many other respects, as faithful and acceptable servants of their Lord; but the basilar fact remains that the capital with which the business of life is transacted has been apportioned to men in different amounts. Some men, by a more indomitable perseverance, a more heroic patience, a wiser observance of the laws of God in nature and in the divine moral kingdom, may out-do many who started before them and above them in the path of life; but after all, no cultivation, zeal, or effort, will enable ordinary men to rival Shakespeare in poetry, Newton in philosophy, Gladstone in statesmanship, or Thomas Chalmers in pulpit eloquence. We read the life of Chalmers, observe the effects of his oratory, his power over the masses of men and all classes of men, and trace those effects to a combination of endowments very rarely centered in one man. The story of such a life, however, has great value. We are led to thank God that He has blessed the world with such men, to anticipate joyfully the privilege of association with such spirits in a better world, and discover how we may make our lives, in our sphere and according to the measure of our might, useful, noble, noteworthy, and radiant with a true sublimity.

It has been suggested that the biographies of all great men

* "Heroes of Christian History, Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By DONALD FRASER, D.D." New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son; Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

might begin with the words "born of poor but honest parents." Chalmers is no exception. "The greatest Scotsman of modern times," according to the estimate of his biographer, was the son of a humble couple whose title to respect was simple moral worth. He was born at the little sea-port of East Anstruther, Fifeshire, on the 1st March, 1780. The sixth child of fourteen, he had, of necessity, but little of a mother's care in his childhood. He was "cared for" by a nurse "whose cruelty and deceitfulness haunted his memory through life." To escape from this vixen he went of his own accord to the parish school when only three years of age! What would have crushed many a child into an early grave was a light burden to him. He was neither precocious nor studious, and therefore in no danger. And yet his entire pupilage was in keeping with the marvellous outset. He entered public school at the age of three, announcing his intention to become a minister; "played preacher" at six, choosing for a text, "Let brotherly love continue,"—appropriate, certainly, in view of his family surroundings, and a forepointing to the aptness of his selections in later years; entered the University of St. Andrews at twelve; was enrolled as a divinity student at fifteen; and at nineteen was licensed by Presbytery as a preacher in the Church of Scotland.

In the third year of his university course he began to take the business of study seriously. He at once distinguished himself in mathematics. It is said that he had the "mathematical forehead," wide across the eyebrows, and the eyebrows themselves arched especially at the exterior ends. Having mentioned this feature of Chalmers' physiognomy, it may be well to give here a portraiture of his personal appearance taken at the age of thirty-five.

"Of middle stature and solid figure, with pale countenance, square cheeks, strong, crisp, dark hair, pensive lips, and yet a vigorous mouth, eyelids half closed, and light-coloured, dreamy eyes, that gave forth flame and fervour when he warmed into enthusiasm; a noble head, its broad brows surmounted by an arch of imagination, while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love, such as might have graced the bust of Plato."

In the Divinity Hall, though still a boy, he withdrew himself from his accustomed sports, charmed by the discussion of such themes as Free Will, Necessity, and Predestination. Jonathan

Edwards' Treatise on the Will, one of the driest and severest arguments ever produced, gave him, to use his own words, "a twelve-month of Elysium," a remarkable proof of intellectual endowment in so young a mind.

It was the practice of theological students at St. Andrews to conduct prayers in rotation; not to *read* prayers, but to utter prayers of their own. All the members of the University were expected to be present, and the hall was thrown open to the public. Chalmers' prayers excited so much admiration that the townspeople flocked to the hall when it was known he was to pray. And yet these prayers were not the outpourings of a renewed heart warmed by divine love and faith, but the scintillations of an intellect fired by natural emotion. At this time Chalmers knew nothing experimentally of saving grace. He was a lad of good character; he had avoided the common excesses of youth; he was chaste and sober, honest and true, but he was unconverted.

After completing his divinity course, and receiving his license, he was by no means eager to preach. There was as yet no burden of a divine message on his spirit which his tongue was constrained to utter. He cared more for mathematics than religion. He avoided preaching engagements because they interfered with his studies, and took up his residence in Edinburgh that he might attend classes in the University of that city. He did not, however, remain long in Edinburgh. He was employed as assistant to the minister of a small country parish. After holding this appointment a few months he accepted the pastorate of Kilmany, a rural charge, the attraction of which, in his eyes, was that it was near his *Alma Mater*, and would afford him the opportunity of pursuing academical work in addition to the pastoral. Thus the young pastor began his ministry with a very inadequate sense of its serious importance. He acted as assistant to the Professor of Mathematics in the University, and gave to parochial duty but a small proportion of his time. His good old father remonstrated with him, but he wrote in reply, "My chief anxiety is to reconcile you to the idea of not confining my whole attention to my ministerial employment. The fact is that no minister finds that necessary." He preached regularly on Sundays and visited his people occasionally, but his heart was not given to spiritual work, nor did he know in his own experience the power of the

truth. His first publication was a pamphlet vindicating the appointment of ministers to Chairs of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the Universities. He wrote, "After the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage. There is almost no consumption of intellectual effort in the peculiar employment of a minister." So sadly deficient in qualification for the work he had chosen was this accomplished but spiritually unenlightened young man!

But during a serious illness by which he was laid aside from duty for many months, he read, among other useful works, "Wilberforce's Practical View," which revealed to him the fact of his unregenerate condition. Under conviction of sin, he resorted to the usual expedients—resolutions, amendments, redoubled efforts, but found no peace until, by faith, he embraced the salvation of the Gospel in its freeness and simplicity. Up to this time this gifted, cultured, popular young minister had no true conception of the simple, initial, fundamental requirement of the Gospel—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

As might have been expected the parish soon felt the change that had passed upon the minister. He could not be more impetuous than before, but the staple of his ardent ministry was no longer disquisitions on human virtues, or prelections on natural theology, but the presentation of Jesus Christ, and of a full salvation through Him. Now for the first time he began to obtain seals to his ministry. Inquirers and converts multiplied, and the whole parish was aroused by his evangelical labours.

A strange result of Chalmers' conversion was that it put him out of harmony with most of his ministerial neighbours, who belonged to the party of "Moderates," as they were called. They thought him mad, and his new-found zeal in support of Bible and Missionary Societies, together with his evangelistic fervour, constituted the basis of the absurd imputation. But he grew in the estimation of his parishioners, and wherever he preached crowds flocked to hear him. He soon became a name in the land. It was discovered that a man of rare talent and devotedness was rusticating in a small

country parish, and Thomas Chalmers received a call to the Tron Church, in the city of Glasgow.

With a sermon-loving people like the Scotch, a man who could preach like Chalmers could not fail of being intensely popular. His church was filled with dense and eager congregations, who were scarcely more charmed by the resplendent eloquence of his preaching than they were bowed by its spiritual power. Here is the expressed opinion of one who heard him at that time:

"I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance, both of conception and style; but, most unquestionably, I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his."

A special series of Thursday morning sermons, known as the "Astronomical Discourses," greatly added to his fame as an orator. Professional, business, and labouring men, during the hours of business and labour, gathered before his pulpit, and sat or stood breathless under the spell of his eloquence.

At this time of his life, Dr. Chalmers (for Glasgow University had honoured him, and itself at the same time, by conferring upon him a degree in Divinity) found himself famous in London. The London Missionary Society had invited him to preach the annual sermon. During this visit there were drawn to his auditory such eminent men as Canning, Huskisson, Wilberforce, and Sir James Mackintosh. Canning was at first displeased with the harsh Fifeshire dialect, but at the end of the service uttered the commendation, "The tartan beats us all."

But Dr. Chalmers was not only a preacher; he was a pastor. He had 12,000 parishioners to visit, and right earnestly did he address himself to his parochial duties. His most perplexing problem was the relief of the poor. A Poor Fund was maintained by compulsory assessment on the citizens, and was wastefully and unsatisfactorily administered. Dr. Chalmers believed that each parish should and could provide for its own poor by voluntary contributions at the church door. He undertook the task of showing how a parish might be worked on that principle; and, in order to try the experiment on the most convincing conditions, he resigned the Tron parish and accepted St. John's,

with exemption, by the City Council, from the assessment, and *carte blanche* to work it in his own way. The population of the parish was made up of weavers, labourers, and factory operatives. Of 2,161 families, 845 had no seats in any place of worship, and many of them were wretchedly poor. He explored the territory with the precision of a mathematician and the ardour of a Christian; he divided it into twenty-five districts; appointed overseers for each; established two week-day, and forty Sunday-schools, and secured the attendance of a thousand of the children of the neglected classes; and in four years he reduced the pauper expenditure in that parish from £1,400 to £280 per annum. Surely this man was mighty, not only in word but in deed also—a shepherd of souls in truth. It was in this parish, and in this work, that the celebrated, erratic, unfortunate Edward Irving was, for some time, his assistant. One of Chalmers' colleagues gives the programme of his daily life as follows:

"He devoted at least five hours of each day to study, in the proper sense of the word. He was thus occupied partly before breakfast, and thereafter till one or two o'clock in reading and composition. Then he generally relaxed for two hours, taking some favourite walk. The Botanical Garden was a much-loved resort. He dined generally at half-past four o'clock, and then spent two hours at least, several nights in the week, among his parishioners. The more advanced hours of the evening were spent in letter-writing, the literature of the day, or the society of friends."

The ministry of Dr. Chalmers, in Glasgow, was a grand success, continued through eight years, and then suddenly terminated. He had demonstrated what could be done for the city poor; he had preached with immense acceptance, and published several volumes of sermons; but as he never spoke in the pulpit or on the platform without strenuous preparation, the strain on his mind was very severe. The old desire for a University Professorship still lingered in his mind, and having been offered the Chair of Moral Philosophy, in the University of St. Andrews, he accepted it.

Many devout people were shocked when the great preacher surrendered his pulpit for a Professor's Chair; but as students intending to enter upon a course in Divinity had to pass through his classes, he did not regard the change as a demission of proper

ministerial work. To influence, in a right direction, a considerable portion of the ministers of his native land, was, in his judgment, a more important function than to fill one pulpit or superintend one parish anywhere. His former success attended him in his new sphere. It would be an exaggeration to place Chalmers in the first rank of Professors of Moral Science. He was not a thinker to lead or control the philosophic thought of the day, but he was a useful and forcible teacher. He exercised a peculiar fascination over the members of his classes, and his room was filled, not with students only, but also with amateurs who were anxious to hear a man so famous. He inspired them with his own enthusiasm for foreign missions, and it was Chalmers who fostered the zeal of Alexander Duff, the apostle of India.

There was for Dr. Chalmers one step higher still. The Chair of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh was the most influential and distinguished position that a Scottish clergyman could hope to reach. This position was offered to Chalmers and he accepted the offer. His reputation as preacher and teacher was well known, and here also his class-room was thronged, not only with regular students, but also with intelligent citizens who loved the theme and admired the genius of the lecturer. His biographer tells us that in doctrine he was a firm predestinarian, and that his convictions and prelections were entirely in harmony with the Westminster Confession of Faith. But notwithstanding his theoretical Predestinarianism, we find that he pressed upon his students' minds that offers of mercy and calls to a Christian life were not to be limited, and that salvation by faith is a salvation free for all. He incurred also the charge of simplifying too much the nature of that faith by which the Gospel invitations are to be accepted. One of the lectures of his course was entitled, "On the distinction between the mode in which Theology should be learned at the Hall, and the mode in which it should be taught from the pulpit." The result of his experience at Kilmany was that he proclaimed most emphatically the insufficiency of mere orthodoxy or head religion; warned the young men that mastering the propositions of Christianity might avail as little in real religion as mastering the propositions of conic sections; and exhorted them not to think it enough to be well furnished in didactic theology, or keen in controversial theology, but to be vital Christians and soul-saving preachers.

This period was high summer-time of life with Chalmers. Requests for occasional sermons came frequently from the Metropolis and other cities of England. In London his reputation as author and preacher gave him access to the very *élite* of the intellectual and religious society of the kingdom. Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Brougham, Mr. Coleridge, Wm. Wilberforce, the Gurneys and Mrs. Fry were among his admiring friends. Twice he was presented at court, as member of a deputation from the Church of Scotland—once on the accession of Willim IV., and seven years later when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. The English archbishops and bishops showed him conspicuous attention. This was due to his powerful advocacy of National Establishments of religion. For the mere pomp and *prestige* conferred by the State he cared but little. It was the parochial system that he prized. He had no contempt for dissenters. He said publicly at Bristol, "In connection with an Establishment we wish ever to see an able, vigorous, and flourishing Dissenterism." Still he regarded the "establishment and extension of National Churches the only adequate machinery for the moral and christian instruction of a people." Here is an interesting description:

"Any one who passed through Hanover Square on certain afternoons in the spring of 1838 must have seen a wonderful line of equipages; for the Hanover Square Rooms—changed a few years ago into a club-house—were filled with a most distinguished company. Royalty was there, as represented by the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cambridge. Peers and peeresses and members of parliament were present in scores. On one afternoon nine bishops made their appearance. They had come to hear Chalmers, who sat while he read his lecture, but none the less held his fastidious audience entranced from the first moment to the last. Occasionally he sprang unconsciously to his feet and delivered a magnificent passage with a power that stirred intense enthusiasm, and in one instance brought the whole assembly to their feet, cheering to the echo."

His theme was, "The true theory of a religious establishment."

At this period of his life honours were literally poured upon him. We have mentioned the Doctorate conferred by Glasgow University in 1815. In 1830 he was appointed one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland, under the advice of Sir Robert Peel. In 1832 he was Moderator of the General Assembly of

the Church of Scotland. In 1834 he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and one of the vice-Presidents. In the same year he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France—a distinction which he valued very highly. In the next year the University of Oxford gave him the degree of LL.D. Meanwhile, like a truly great and good man he walked humbly with God, and valued more his opportunities of impressing the minds and shaping the lives of the rising ministry of his Church, and of labouring for the uplifting of the neglected poor of his country, than privileges of association with the magnates of English society and literature.

A very important passage in the public life of Dr. Chalmers was the part he bore in the discussion of the question of the "Spiritual Independence of the Church"—a discussion and a dispute which resulted in the celebrated "Disruption of 1843." This question may be briefly stated. In the reign of Queen Anne a system of lay patronage, or presentation by laymen of ministers to parishes and churches in Scotland, was introduced and legalized. It was contrary to the wish of the people and caused much discontent. Sometimes unacceptable ministers were forced upon churches at the cost of much scandal and irritation. In 1834, when the Evangelical Party had regained their preponderance in the Church, the General Assembly passed an Act giving to the majority of male communicants in a parish the power of *veto* on a presentation. The Church did not presume to interfere with the rights of patrons as conferred by Act of Parliament, but declared its own right to refuse to ordain or induct a minister, if the majority of the Christian people in a parish declared that such a settlement would be unacceptable to them. The "Moderates" in the General Assembly objected to this law of the Church as annulling the statutory rights of patrons. A severe and protracted controversy ensued; public meetings were held in all parts of Scotland; pamphlets fell in showers among the people; and Presbyteries and Synods became little battle-fields of party. One party shouted for the rights of the people; the other for the rights of patrons. When it was attempted to exercise the *veto* power, issue was taken and serious trouble arose. When the Evangelicals were overruled they appealed to the ecclesiastical courts. When the Moderates were overruled they appealed to the civil courts. Church and State were brought

into direct collision. The General Assembly sustained the *veto*, and went so far as to depose the majority of a Presbytery which had ordained and inducted a *vetoed* presentee. On the other hand the civil court sustained the patron and presentee, and *required* the Church to ordain and induct. The House of Lords, on appeal, pronounced the *veto* law of the General Assembly *ultra vires*, and to be treated as null and void. Notwithstanding the verdict of the House of Lords the Church persisted in holding that ordination was a spiritual act entirely within the juristion of the Church, and not to be performed at the command of Parliament. The conflict raged with wonderful intensity. The impetuous nature of Dr. Chalmers carried him to the front of the battle, and he was by far the most influential champion of the position taken by the General Assembly. The ground of dispute narrowed finally to the single question of *veto without* reasons or *veto with* reasons. Dr. Chalmers insisted on the former, arguing that there might be serious objections to a minister which could not be very well specified and proved under a statute, and that if a presentee were to be rejected at all, it would be more just and merciful to him to set him aside by simple *veto*, than to publish his defects to the world. On the other side of the dispute Lord Aberdeen contended that a *veto* without reasons might be the dictate of prejudice or caprice and should not be regarded.

Eighteen months before the event, Dr. Chalmers foresaw that these differences would lead to disruption. He showed his practical sagacity as a leader by anticpating the event. He suggested the "Sustentation Fund," on which the Free Church was afterwards launched, and on which her ministry is supported to this day. Six months before the disruption, at a Convocation held in Edinburgh, under his presidency, hundreds of the evangelical clergy formally pledged themselves "to tender the resignation of their civil advantages, which they can no longer hold in consistency with the free and full exercise of their spiritual functions, and to cast themselves on such provision as God in His providence may afford." This pledge was carried into effect on the day appointed for the meeting of the General Assembly, 18th May, 1843. Chalmers, followed by 470 ministers of the Church of Scotland (nearly two-fifths of the whole), left the Church of his fathers, rather than sacrifice those principles which

he believed essential to the purity, honour, and independence of the Church. The following is a description of the scene:

"Popular admiration swelled around the long procession of ministers and elders who, after laying their protest on the table of the General Assembly, filed out of St. Andrew's Church, in Edinburgh, and marched down one of the long straight streets to the great hall prepared for them at Tanfield. Tears of joy flowed at such a spectacle of high-principled fidelity to conscientious convictions of duty. In the van came the sturdy figure and lion-like face of Chalmers; and when the fathers and brethren were gathered into their new hall, surrounded by an ardent multitude that not only filled every corner, but got on the roof to catch a glimpse of the scene through sky-light windows, it was Thomas Chalmers who, amidst enthusiastic acclamations, was placed in the Chair as Moderator of the First General Assembly of the Free Protesting Church of Scotland."

By this step on the part of Chalmers another step was rendered necessary. He surrendered his Professorship in Edinburgh University, and became Principal of the new college which the Free Church immediately instituted, and for the remainder of his life pursued his loved employ with unabated vigour.

Once more he visited London; this time to give evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the question of refusal of sites for Free Churches by certain land-owners in Scotland. His only public appearance on this occasion was in the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, where, on the 9th of May, 1847, he preached his last sermon in London. Lord John Russell, Lord Morpeth, and other persons of distinction were present. On the afternoon of the same day he received a visit from the eminent Methodist, Dr. Bunting, for whom he had a great regard. His own record is, "Most exquisite interview with one of the wisest and best of men." He spent a Sabbath at Brighton and preached there; spent another Sabbath, with one of his married sisters, near Bristol, and preached his last sermon in the Independent Chapel at Whitfield, from Isaiah xxvii. 4, 5. Sunday, May 30th, he was at his home in Edinburgh, attended the Free Church in the forenoon at Morningside, spent the evening in a happy mood with his family, retired early to rest, "and was not for God took him."

In the morning his body was found cold and lifeless, his coun-

tenance bearing no trace of disturbance or suffering, but fixed in majestic repose—

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

More than a hundred thousand spectators lined the road over which his honoured remains were borne to their resting-place, in the Grange Cemetery, at Edinburgh. Hugh Miller wrote in the *Witness* newspaper of the following morning,

"Never before, at least in the memory of man, did Scotland witness such a funeral. Greatness of mere extrinsic type can always command a showy pageant; but mere extrinsic greatness never yet succeeded in purchasing the tears of a people; and the spectacle of yesterday—in which the trappings of grief, worn not as idle signs, but as the representatives of a real sorrow, were borne by well-nigh half the population of the metropolis, and blackened the public ways for furlong after furlong, and mile after mile—was such as Scotland has rarely witnessed, and which mere rank and wealth, when at their highest and fullest, were never yet able to buy. It was a solemn tribute, spontaneously paid by the public mind, to departed goodness and greatness."

CHRISTMAS.

WHAT shall I give to thee, O Lord?
The kings that came of old
Laid softly on thy cradle rude
Their myrrh, and gems, and gold.

Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood;
Their ashes strewed thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust
To speed thy coming day.

We offer thee nor life nor death;
Our gifts to man we give;
Dear Lord, on this thy day of birth
O, what dost thou receive?

Show me thyself in flesh once more;
Thy feast I long to spread?
To bring the water for thy feet,
The ointment for thy head.

Their came a voice from heavenly heights;
"Unclose thine eyes and see,
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto me."

—*Rose Terry Cooke.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D., LL.D.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

II.

I HAVE alluded to Dr. Punshon's rule of conduct, never to depreciate his brethren, but constantly to uphold their reputation. Frank and generous in his admiration of their excellences, he left it to others "to carp and shrug the shoulder and damage by the hint of speech or by the hint of silence." He felt that the true ministerial dignity is that of a king to whom it never occurs that any should question his royalty, or that of a high-priest of the temple, secured by a spotlessness, honour and which has never known shadow or storm."

He was electric with vitality. In little things he was as brimful as in great things. In the *abandon* of his recreations, he was a boy again. One of his intellectual pastimes was *logogriphe*, transposing the letters of a word or sentence into other words, and no matter how well others might succeed, he would always come off victorious. I have also referred to him in the home, surrounded by those who were nearest and dearest to him. The well of parental affection was deep in him. His children reverenced him. For his daughter, whose unbounded affection for her father shone in her face and radiated from her person, he had an unfailing fondness. When called to return to England the sorrow of parting from her was very bitter, and was one of the griefs that sorely strained his heart. Fading slowly away in consumption, he felt that the parting was final for earth, and it required the summoning up of all his firmness and resignation to meet such a trial.

Upon his wife he lavished all the wealth of his great affection, and she returned it to the uttermost, entering into all cares and anxieties and successes with true wifely devotion. It was in the daily, quiet home-life that her true character was seen, her sweetness, her nobility, her intense and elevated piety. She was a sunshiny woman, and the magnetism of her smiles, the brightness of her looks, the cheerfulness of her spirit infected all the house-

hold. She had cared for his children as if they had, been her own, and her motherly devotion will be a sacred remembrance with his surviving sons to the end of life. Dr. Punshon had learned to prize the pearl of great price, which God had given him in that noble, loving, silently-heroic woman, the sister of his earliest affection; and loving her with an intensity of devotion, which it is given to few women to enjoy, he had consented to become an exile that he might make her his wife. When Death had done its dire work, and wife and babe lay in its cold embrace, his faithful servant had hastened with the carriage to bring my wife and self to that desolated home. His daughter met us at the door with anguish in her face, and said to me, "Oh, go to papa! he is shut up in his own room; I fear he will go out of his mind." I hastened to his room and found the great sorrow pressing him down. He was pacing the floor in agony without words and without tears. I tried to comfort him, and when at length he found utterance, in the richest diction and with rapid speech, he poured out his complaint. What added to the bitterness of his grief, was the dread that his friends would misjudge the dealings of Providence, and call this a judgment upon him for having married his deceased wife's sister. "I know what they will say at home, but God knows my heart and my integrity in this matter." After the dust had been consigned to dust, and all was over, Dr. Punshon invited the Rev. Mr. Cochran and myself, with Professor Reynar and Mrs. Dr. Aikins to return with him to his desolate home. After tea he opened the family Bible, and read with inimitable pathos, the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes, and then said that he was thankful to God that he was permitted to be again a priest in his own household. They had just made a pilgrimage, he said, to the grave—the light of their home had been put out. He spoke of what she had been to the poor, what she had been to the servants in the household, and what she had been to the children. He then said, "What she has been to me no tongue can tell," and with quiet emotion he poured out the utterances of his love. Would that I could recall the strain of tender eloquence. The words are gone, but not one who was present will forget that soul-subduing and affecting scene. No words can tell how deeply this loss affected him; but he was sustained by the consolations of the abiding Comforter, and his devotion to duty roused him to effort and contributed to soothe his spirit.

The last drive he ever took, before finally leaving Toronto, was to the Necropolis, where he shed tears of sorrow, and plucking from the grave a lily of the valley, he bore it with him across the sea.

For several years he remained a widower, until his life was gladdened by his happy marriage with Miss Foster, of Sheffield, the broken-hearted widow who now mourns his loss. On my first visit to England, I found him in his new home in Kensington, with the same playful good nature, and genial hospitality, the same constant and genuine friendship. He had written inviting me to Holland Road, but reaching the metropolis on Saturday evening I took lodgings at a hotel. On Sabbath morning I went to hear Spurgeon, in the afternoon I attended Westminster Abbey, and then made my way to the West End, expecting to hear him in the evening. He received me with all the old warmth, but when he learned that I had not come directly to his home he expressed surprise and disappointment, and would not suffer me to return to the hotel for my luggage, but at once sent for it, and had me installed in the room that had been assigned me. I have often thought that his regard for me, so disinterested and so beautiful, was a mark of his generous and chivalrous spirit. He could not live without intimate friendships, and he turned to the younger men because he could scarcely, without invidiousness, chose these among those of his own age.

During my three years' residence in Toronto West, I had constant access to his home, until it was broken up by his removal. In this daily intimacy, I was familiar with his habits of study and methods of preparation. This period of his life was one of great mental activity, and of influence extending widely in various ways, patriotically, religiously, socially, personally. The variety and richness of his nature were marvellous. He seemed to touch life at every point, and to take hold of the thinking and living of a Continent. He was an omniverous reader. He roamed over the entire field of literature, gathering flowers and fruit wherever he might. His mind was enriched with large acquisitions of the most diversified knowledge. He read with great rapidity, literally devouring a book in a few hours, and his prodigious memory kept, without effort, whatever he gathered. His facility for not only holding, but producing at will from, his accumulated stores was wonderful.

One of his visits to Montreal occurred at the opening of the building of the Mercantile Library Association. There was an expressed desire on the part of the merchant princes, gathered on the happy occasion, to see and hear the great English orator, and a deputation was sent to Dr. Punshon, requesting him to visit the Association, and address a few words to them. He generously complied, and as he entered the room he was struck with their monogram, M. L. A. It was enough, and on the moment he delivered an address of transcendant merit full of colour, picturesqueness, merriment, vitality, striking as by instinct the strongest chords of every heart, eloquently pouring forth the richest treasures of his mind as he arranged these simple initials under three heads: Make Leisure Agreeable; Make Literature Attractive; Make Life Angelic.

He prepared his discourses slowly, elaborating with great care and finish. When Phidias in Athens was changing the rude block of marble into a beautiful and majestic human form, he despised no implement or operation, however insignificant, which could in any way contribute to the perfection of that form. So Dr. Punshon, like a sculptor, patiently wrought upon his intellectual material, until each sermon or speech was a magnificent work of art. He seldom re-wrote, his highly-wrought paragraphs dropping perfect from his pen. He told me that in his earlier ministry, James Parsons, of York, then in his fulness of power, was his ideal, and that his pulpit style had been largely shaped and coloured by the sermons of this grandly-gifted man. Indeed he had for a time imitated him too slavishly, but his attention having been called to it he determined to have a well-marked individuality of his own, and to put upon every sentence his own image and superscription. With what success we all know. He did not merely try to create a fine style and say things beautifully. He put his soul into his style, and following the construction of his own mind, sought to give his great thoughts a fitting dress, while at the same time, "He took care in all his pulpit utterances to aim at the fifth rib." His deliberate purpose in every sermon was to lift up Christ and bring heart and conscience, mind and imagination into captivity to the obedience of the Lord Jesus.

As a traveller some of the rarer qualities of his nature were brought out. I have journeyed with him many thousands of

miles, over the prairies, under the shadow of mountain ranges, on the ocean's bosom, and I never found in him that deeply-rooted passion, selfishness, which seems to manifest itself, especially in the undress of travel. Coleridge says "the true sign of genius is a child-like spirit." He possessed this unfailing sign, for in the very height of his world-wide renown he was always ready to esteem others of his fellow-travellers as better than himself. One thing I noticed, in this close intimacy with him, that whether on railway car or steamboat or coach there was a systematic, daily cultivation of the heart. The busiest man, as Luther said, has need of most time for prayer; and with Dr. Punshon the "still hour" was never crowded out. He used every means helpful to the spiritual life, and when there was no place to bow in secret, there was the absorbed communion with God, and the reading of some book of devotion.

Along with his brilliant intellectual gifts and poetic imagination there was the readiest wit. The perception of the humorous and of the ludicrous was instinctive, and the impulse to express it irresistible. At Ann Arbor, the seat of the famous University of Michigan, he was delivering his brilliant lecture on Macaulay. The audience was composed of eight or nine hundred students and professors, with several hundred citizens, and as Mr. Punshon, toward the close of his lecture, was proceeding, in eloquent terms, to thank the historian for having made history readable, that in his page it is something more than the bare recital of facts, names, and the dry catalogue of dates, the speaker paused upon the word *dates,* when a student, sitting in front of the gallery, who evidently had a horror of such things, threw up his hat and raised a lusty cheer. His enthusiasm was at once caught up by his fellow-students; it was infectious, and in a moment the whole audience was in a wild tumult of glee. The stately manner of the lecturer gave way, the ludicrousness of the scene quite overcame him, and with difficulty could he gather up sufficient steadiness to proceed. He could never refer to this incident without breaking out into laughter.

Chicago, in its rapidity of growth and present position, was to him a great wonder. Of it he says:

"The real meaning of the name is 'the place of the skunk.' Forty years ago there were only a few half-breeds and adventurers there, numbering not more than 100. A few years later

there were 600 inhabitants; yet so small was the place that the population turned out one night at the cry of wolves, and there was another grand charge of the Six Hundred—the result being that thirty-six wolves were killed. Now it is a city of palaces."

He called my attention to a daily, the Chicago *Republican*, which instead of having a column for "births, deaths, and marriages," had it arranged, "births, betrothals, marriages, divorces, deaths."

At Omaha, where we crossed the "Big Muddy," and took passage on the Union Pacific Railway, there was a great scramble for places in the Pullman car. He was greatly amused with exhibitions of American character, and of Western humour. One gentleman, when questioned as to his sleeping place, replied in a most grave tone, "I never sleep."

At Creston, at an elevation of over 7,000 feet above the sea level, we passed the "divide" of the Continent, and before reaching Wahsatch that day, an interesting episode occurred. The news being circulated, through the train, that they had as a fellow-passenger, the distinguished English preacher, a deputation waited upon Mr. Punshon, with a request, signed by all the passengers of the "Columbia" Palace Car, for him to deliver a short address to them. With characteristic generosity he responded, remarking that though he had addressed many audiences he never before addressed a company on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of 7,000 feet above the sea, where the air was so rare and difficult to breathe, and in a car that was speeding along at the rate of forty miles per hour. He urged upon them their responsibility as citizens of a country of such boundless and bewildering extent, that though we had been travelling for three days and nights, we were scarcely half-way across it. He then dwelt briefly upon the five great powers that controlled men—Love, Money, Ambition, Revenge—when just as he had completed the fourth, the train halted, and the brakeman, opening the door, called out, "Twenty minutes for dinner!" and the speaker concluded with—"The last great power, ladies and gentlemen, is that to which you are now invited, and which I hope you will heartily enjoy—*a good dinner!*"

At Salt Lake City, he confessed to have entered the metropolis of Mormonism, with strange feelings, of half fear, half curiosity as to his whereabouts. Let him speak for himself. "At first," he

says, "the plain resembled Sahara, but, as we advanced, signs of cultivation appeared. Smiling orchards arose, and rich farms. By-and-by bills of the theatres were put in our hands, for the theatre here, like all other Mormon institutions, is run in the name of the Church. I had not been ten minutes in the hotel before the minister of the Methodist Church found me out. How in the world he did I cannot tell, unless he had certain intuitions like that of the greyhound, and scented that there was a brother in the neighbourhood. He seemed to be what is called a live man with a good deal of activity, liveliness, pertinacity, and a strange mixture of business and religion. When asked how he was getting along he said, 'Well,all we want in this world is money.' 'Surely, said I you are all right in that respect; haven't you discovered lucrative silver mines here recently?' 'Well,' he said, 'I took some shares in the name of the Lord, and I hope He will look after His own investments.' The city itself is 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, the lake contains 20 per cent. of common salt, while there was no living thing in it. For the purpose of encouraging fanaticism it would be difficult to select a more suitable site than the resting-place of the new Jerusalem. Indeed the colonel of the garrison called my attention to the similiarity between the physical configuration of the place and that of Jerusalem. To the praise and glory of Ireland be it said there is not an Irishwoman in Salt Lake City. He did not believe that could be said of any other nation on the face of the earth. The Scotchwomen are not numerous." Dr. Punshon attended a service of these latter-day saints. There are two tabernacles in the city, the small one capable of holding 3,000 people, and the large one, used only in the summer, 8,000. As we entered the small tabernacle the congregation were singing, "God moves in a mysterious way," and we certainly thought He did. The visitors are conducted to the Gentiles' seats, for, according to the doctrine of the Church, all Jews are Gentiles, and all the saints sinners. Brigham Young was not present. He had been at the theatre on the preceding night, but he was not well enough to go to church. Two or three of his wives were present. The men and women sat apart, after the old Wesleyan fashion. Elder Woodroff, a farmer-like person, preached, and there was evidently a desire to say something that would cause a smile. For instance, referring to a murder, he said the murderer would go to

hell, and then added, "I guess he will." Then again he said, "You say Brigham Young is not a prophet; well, I can tell you he has been very *profitable* to us." The seventy-seven elders, who sat behind, certainly looked as little like celestials as any one could imagine. The women never moved a muscle. They remained stolid and unmoved, and but for the moral aspect of the question one might be inclined to argue with Artemus Ward, "that the man who marries one of them is a benefactor, but the man who marries many is heroic enough to deserve a monument in marble." Strangely enough the janitor in the Great Tabernacle was a renegade Methodist, who had often heard Dr. Punshon preach in London. He was moreover a discharged soldier of the British Army, and in receipt of a pension.

"In the evening," says Dr. Punshon, "I preached in an 'upper room,' to a motley congregation of 300 persons, the strangest gathering I ever addressed, assembled in the strangest spot, and amid the most marvellous surroundings. There were Methodists, Mormons, Mormonesses, apostate Mormons, Josephites, Godbeites, the Chief Justice, the Colonel commanding at the camp, U. S. officers, and tourists and strangers of many nationalities Among the audience was Orson Pratt's first wife, a pale, crushed woman, out of whose heart the joy of life had been trampled by the system, and who has lived 'apart' for some years rather than sanction, by her presence, the invasion of her home. I also gave greeting to several who had heard me in England, and who are now under the shadow of this dark imposture. I felt my responsibility intensely, and I trust was 'helped for the time.'"*

"WHEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has nobly died,
I see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head.
Up from undated time they come,
The martyr souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering."

* Another paper will conclude these recollections. It will embrace an account by Dr. Punshon, never before published in this country, of his experiences in "The Garden of the Gods," on the Pacific Coast of America.—ED.

WILLIAM BLACK,

THE PIONEER METHODIST PREACHER OF NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN.*

In the year, 1782, one hundred years ago, while this country was still sparsely settled, and the entire population was not supposed to exceed twelve thousand, the now venerated William Black commenced his mission in Nova Scotia.

Amongst English emigrants, who a little prior to that date, purchased farms in Cumberland County, of this Province, was the Black family, from Huddersfield, Yorkshire. They came out in 1775. The English settlers, mostly a superior class of people, comprised a Methodist element. They had been in contact with the Wesleyan movement at home. Embers of revival fire were brought out with them. Prayer-meetings were established in 1779. The spark was quickened to a flame. Many people were led to a genuine concern for the salvation of their souls; and, after the manner of genuine Yorkshire Methodism, classes were organized and love-feasts were held. William Black, then nineteen years of age, of sunny face and genial temper, at home with his parents near Amherst, came under that influence. He was thoroughly converted to God; and, through that great spiritual change, he was unconsciously led along into a new history. As in the case of St. Paul, Luther, Wesley, and other leaders of the Church, that great experimental fact of conversion to God, contained the germ of all that followed; and, over a career which might have been otherwise inexplicable, it throws the luminous light of heavenly law.

The first impulse of a genuine convert, emphasized in our noble experimental hymns, is to make known to others the fact and the fulness of pardoning mercy:

* Part of a centennial sermon preached before the Nova Scotia Conference, on June 25th, 1882, at Windsor, N. S. This sketch is taken from the Centennial volume on the "Methodism of Eastern British America." See Book Notices, in this Magazine.

"Where shall my wondering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire—
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise."

The fact of conversion must find immediate attestation, and unfolds itself in varied forms of Christian activity. It is not therefore any matter for surprise that the gifts of William Black were at once exercised in testimony, prayer, and exhortation. In the persuasive power and abundant grace which marked and accompanied these earliest efforts, it soon became manifest that he was destined for special work. The country was new, and spiritual destitution was great. From many a solitary settlement, and from many a woodman's dwelling, came the Macedonia cry. The appeal was irresistible. He conferred not with flesh and blood. Response was immediate and absolute.

On the 10th day of November, 1781, in the spirit of consecration, constrained by the love Christ, with the whole land before him, he went forth as a messenger of salvation to his countrymen. There was no Conference to depute, no Quarterly Board to provide, and no companions to cheer him on his way; but there was the commission burning in his heart, and the inspiration of promise: "Lo, I am with you alway."

The first excursion of Mr. Black across the broad marsh of Tantramar, was to settlements lying between Amherst and the Peticodiac river—to Fort Lawrence, Sackville, and the region of Dorchester. But, in Pauline spirit and purpose, he looked almost at once to centres from which light might radiate to extremities of the land. The rising town of Windsor, we are told, attracted his attention. But, failing to obtain direct communication by way of the Avon, he landed at Cornwallis. The Baptists of that fine Township welcomed him to the pulpit of their Church. On Sabbath, the 26th of May, 1782, the youthful evangelist there opened his commission. Themes of profound and inexhaustible interest and importance were announced on that day. His first text—the first also of Francis Asbury on this continent—was the emphatic utterance of Paul the Apostle of Jesus Christ: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ

and Him crucified." The ideal and aim of mission and ministry were also very fully indicated in the second theme of that day: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Four days later, with freedom and power, Mr. Black preached at Horton. Many cried for mercy, and others shouted Hosanna to the Son of David. Windsor was reached on the 5th of June. The theme of the first Methodist sermon in this town, "Fight the good fight of faith," was a militant one. There was the clear ring of Christian courage, and of lofty resolve. The consecrated standard was raised, and the work of enlisting soldiers for the cross at once began.

There was great liberty in that opening service. Emotion was contagious. Many were in tears. Thursday was spent at Newport, where the preaching was not without some profit to the people, and the day after Mr. Black was at Windsor. The few Methodists, mostly from the North of England, where the Wesleyan revival had been richest in result, who had welcomed him to the village, were formed into a class; and John Smith, of blessed memory, who before leaving his Yorkshire home had acted as precentor for Wesley, and had held prayer-meetings previous to the arrival of a preacher, was appointed leader. The following Sunday, June 9th, was a day of memorable interest to the little company of worshippers. The speaker continued in urgent appeal until almost exhausted. After a visit to Halifax, where he preached for three successive days, and where the people manifested a spirit of utter indifference to religion, on Sabbath, June the 16th, Mr. Black was again at Windsor. The house was not large enough to contain the people. An afternoon service was held in Mr. Chandler's orchard, not far from where this church now stands, and where we meet for worship to-day. That same evening the first love-feast was held.

In tracing a river to the place of its origin, we not unfrequently find numerous springs and streams, and it is not always easy to determine what is the main source and which are the tributaries. And so in regard to the rise of Methodism in Nova Scotia—then inclusive of New Brunswick, forming at the time the county of Sanbury—we encounter a similar difficulty. Meetings for prayer and spiritual fellowship were first held in Cum-

berland. But at Windsor we stand at the fountain head of a definite and permanently organized movement. The work of God took shape as a society of "the people called Methodists," so as to command the approval of John Wesley; and, in much the same form, it has been perpetuated to this day. It is therefore a providential coincidence that we are called to celebrate the Centenary in this town.

Refreshed and invigorated by the service of a blessed Sabbath, a second attempt was made in Halifax. The prospect was not by any means an encouraging one. There were godly people in the town at that time. St. Paul's had an influential ministry. The Presbyterians had a church. Quakers, Sandemanians, and Swedenborgians had each a small congregation. But owing to the naval and military position of Halifax, during the Revolutionary War, there were great laxity of morals and prevalence of irreligious feeling. The teachings of Paine and Voltaire had just then passed the zenith of their vaunted and baleful power and influence. Excessive worldliness, extreme formalism, the opposition of an uncompromising infidelity, and the rude interruption of the baser sort, had in turn to be encountered. But the piety, patience, and power of the preacher triumphed over apathy, unbelief, and contumely. The services of that Sabbath and those of two following days, in a measure that could scarcely have been anticipated, were signalized by gracious influence, and gave presage of better days.

After a ride on horseback of some forty-five miles, through an almost unbroken forest, with scarcely an habitation to break the monotony of the way, Mr. Black again preached at Windsor. The voice of the Lord was heard. There were exhibitions of the saving, sanctifying grace of God. Many trembled, wept, and cried for mercy. The reflection of that Windsor revival, like a beacon-light, or a pillar of fire suddenly kindled in a dark place, was caught by watchers in distant settlements. The sphere of operations, in response to urgent invitation, began to enlarge. We find the preacher at Cornwallis. There, at a watch-night service, was a shaking of dry-bones, as in the valley of prophetic vision.

Apparently without much of previous plan, following the guidance of Providence, the labours of the summer were extended to Granville and Annapolis. During the second year's

itinerancy, taking Halifax for a starting point, coasting a part of the Province,

> "Around whose rocky shore
> The forests murmur and the surges roar,"

he visited La Have, Liverpool, and Shelburne. At Liverpool the seed sown fell into good and perpared soil. Methodism took early and firm root in that attractive town and community, and was fruitful of good, of blessed results. But at Shelburne the wrath of the adversary was aroused. The Loyalists were then building up the town, and amongst them was an element of Tory and high ecclesiastical exclusiveness. A ponderous stone from the outskirts of the congregation, hurled with violent force, was narrowly avoided, and vengeance was threatened upon the preacher. In addition to repeated journeys through the Annapolis Valley, and to the Cumberland congregations, we find that in the autumn of that year, 1783, Mr. Black crossed the Gulf to Prince Edward Island—then known as the Island of St. John—a visit that was repeated to more decided advantage a few years later.

Thus, from the surf-beat of the Atlantic to the mouth of the majestic St. Lawrence, a vast space was comprised within the circuit of that second year. The exposure and fatigue of such a charge must have been very great. Reminiscences of old people afford an occasional glimpse of settlement in a new country. But in these days of easy and rapid travel, by rail and steamboat, it is hard to understand the real difficulties of an early pioneer missionary. Most of the roads through the interior, if they existed at all, were rough and almost impassable. The shore was frequently skirted by dense woods, down to the water's edge. The hospitality of a log-built cabin, secluded in the shadowy depth of the forest, was eagerly and gratefully welcomed. It was not always that a single log could be found to bridge the rapid and swollen stream. The first English missionary, who was sent out to occupy a part of this territory, found himself a solitary wanderer in a strange country; pondering at the edge of a floating bridge, as to how he might pass over in safety; musing in the heart of the forest, wondering which of the obscure paths might lead him in safety to his destination; sitting in a frail canoe, while his horse with saddle bags and paraphernalia of study, swam alongside. The heroism and hardship of an early

itinerant find striking illustration in occasional entries of Mr. Black's journal. In order to fulfil his Sabbath appointments at Windsor, he left Halifax on the Saturday morning, blistered his feet, and in weariness and pain completed the journey. But the aspirations of this intrepid and tireless evangelist were scarcely bounded by the limits of a single Province. It was necessary for Wesley, with whom at this time he had frequent correspondence, and who much prized the exhibition of an indomitable energy, to remind him that Nova Scotia and Newfoundland were sufficient for one circuit, and that it was not expedient to include any part of the United States; for they had preachers enough already on that part of the line, and might rather spare one or two for the Provinces.

In the early part of 1784, while on a visit to settlements along the Atlantic coast, Mr. Black made his way to Birchtown, adjacent to Shelburne—a large community of coloured people, mostly liberated slaves and refugees. He found that, chiefly through the agency of an aged negro, a good and genuine revival of religion was being carried on, and several classes organized. That movement attracted the attention of Wesley; as, with the eye of a vigilant leader, he looked to every part of that wide field, which constituted his parish. He wished those poor souls in the wilderness to be cared for. Soon after, by the British Government, they were shipped away to Sierra Leone, and they carried their Christianity and religious fervour with them. Here we touch one of those extraordinary lines of influence which at that early period went out from this Province to the ends of the earth. From that now dreary and delapidated bush settlement of Birchtown, near Shelburne, having at that time a dense population of dusky dwellers, Methodism was introduced to the Western Coast of Africa; and, in a colony of the Dark Continent, the simple souls to whom Mr. Black preached, and whom he met in class during this visit, became the nucleus of the largest Missionary Church of modern times.*

* The first Wesleyan Missionary to Africa, the Rev. George Warren, accompanied by three teachers, sent out by the English Conference in 1812, found that about one hundred of the negroes from Nova Scotia were still in the habit of meeting together for religious worship. They had built a chapel, called themselves Methodists, and had repeatedly requested that a Wesleyan Minister be sent out to them.

It had been hinted by Mr. Wesley that the United States might "spare one or two preachers for the Provinces;" and acting upon the suggestion, having but little prospect of any immediate ministerial supply from England, Mr. Black made his way to Baltimore. The now historical "Christmas Conference" was about to be held in that city. Freeborn Garretson had been "sent off like an arrow" to summon the brethren from their distant fields. An Episcopal form of organization had been determined upon for the Societies in the United States. The venerable Wesley, whose authority was recognized throughout the world of Methodism, had ordained the Rev. Dr. Coke as an overseer of the flock; and Francis Asbury, the tireless and intrepid itinerant, henceforth to be known as the pioneer Bishop and the representative character of American Methodism, was also designated and ordained to episcopal office and administration. At that Christmas Conference of 1784, the Centennial of which is near at hand, the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States was formally and fully organized.

At the Baltimore Conference two brethren of mark, Freeborn Garrettson and James O. Cromwell, volunteered for the work in the British Provinces. This was not the only result of Mr. Black's visit at that time. Through his earnest and eloquent appeal in behalf of this mission-field, the heart of Dr. Coke was profoundly moved. At the close of the Conference he spent three or four days in collecting funds for the sustentation of the enterprise. Here again we trace one of those lines of influence which at that early day went out from this Province, and which connect this work with the great evangelistic movements of the time. Dr. Coke was the founder of that grand missionary enterprise which has constituted the crowning glory of Methodism. As, under God, we are indebted to John Wesley for life and organization, to Charles Wesley for an incomparable psalmody, to Fletcher of Madeley, for vindication of theological tenets, so we are indebted to Coke for the magnificent conception of a universal evangelization. "I want the wings of an angel," he said, on his first ocean voyage, "and the voice of a trumpet, that I may proclaim the Gospel east and west, north and south." The fire soon after blazed out from his missionary soul, with a splendour that caught the eye of the Christian world: to the last it continued to burn with quenchless flame; but it was

through the glowing enthusiasm of that Baltimore appeal—for the work of God in these Provinces—that the light of heavenly zeal first flashed into the brightness and activity of holy and unexampled enterprise. The private fortune of Dr. Coke was ungrudgingly consecrated to the cause of missions; and, for the purpose of obtaining funds, he "stooped to the very drudgery of charity." But it was in solicitation for Nova Scotia, that he began that extraordinary career of personal appeal.*

Throughout the year that followed the Baltimore Conference, and after his return to England, though burdened with the cares of all the churches, the mission of Nova Scotia was not forgotten by Coke. It was in his burning and intrepid heart to visit the Provinces. For this pupose, he embarked in the latter part of 1786. The Atlantic voyage proved to be a tempestuous one. Storm-strained and leaky, the vessel became almost a wreck. Under the impression that he had "a Jonah on board," the captain paced the deck in angry and disturbed mood. The Doctor's books and manuscripts were tossed overboard into the sea; and he was at the same time threatened that, unless he ceased praying, he should be thrown after them. But all would not avail. Coming within a distance of three days' sail from these shores, the vessel drifted off to the West Indies. But that ship was freighted with human destiny. Here we have another of these lines of influence, which we have delighted to trace. The loss of Nova Scotia was the gain of the West Indies, and led to organized mission efforts in those beautiful but slavery-blighted isles,

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

The preachers who accompanied Dr. Coke, intended for Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, were stationed at Antigua, St.

* The affectionate solicitude of Mr. Wesley also deserves special remembrance at this time. "I am greatly concerned for the prosperity of the work of God in Nova Scotia," he wrote in 1878. "It seems some way to be nearer to my heart than even that in the United States; many of our brethren there, are, we may hope, strong in the power of His might; but I look upon those in the northern provinces to be younger, and more tender children, and consequently to stand in need of our utmost care."

Christopher's, and St. Vincent's; and, sooner than might have been looked for, the favourite text of Coke, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God," and that on which he delighted to preach, was beginning to find its accomplishment.

On his return to Nova Scotia, with the fire of the Baltimore Conference burning in his heart, and lips touched with pure baptismal flame, Mr. Black halted at Boston. No American itinerant had yet vetured within the precincts of that Puritan city. Charles Wesley, on his way home from Georgia, had held a short service; but, with that exception, no Methodist sermon had ever been preached there. To a rigidly orthodox people, the advent of a bush-preacher could be a matter for indifference only, or of scorn. The pulpits of the several churches were securely fenced. Earlier services had to be held in a private house. But the calm and persuasive statements and appeals of the preacher, and the proclamation of a present, free, and full salvation, accompanied by the manifest power and influence of the Holy Ghost, wrought an immediate change. Congregations commenced to overflow. Thousands thronged to hear the Word from lips of burning earnestness. The largest churches in the city were offered and accepted for service. A great revival of religion swept through the community. It was estimated that not less than three thousand people were present at the closing service. Thus once again we touch a line of extraordinary influence reaching out from these Provinces to the metropolis of New England. Through the agency of the Nova Scotia pioneer, Methodism was introduced to the cultured people of Boston.

On the return of Mr. Black to the Provinces, he was no longer an isolated labourer. He found himself in refreshing association with men of kindred and consecrated spirit and purpose. The first meeting of the Halifax District or Conference, which it was hoped would have been signalized by the presence of Dr. Coke, was held at Halifax in the autumn of 1786. In addition to the two brethren from Baltimore, three others had been added to the pioneer staff. Two of these, John Munn, converted to God under the ministry of Boardman, in New York, a leader and local-preacher in that city, and James Mann, whose name is still fragrant along the southern shore, and whose dust found sepulture beneath the pulpit of the Shelburne Methodist Church, had

recently arrived with the loyalists. William Grandin, of New Jersey, traditions of whose ministry still linger around Wallace, Bedeque, and along the banks of the Nashwaak, where through his ministry many worthy families were brought into association with Methodism, was also present, and was stationed in Cumberland County. The kind of work to be done and dared, by itinerants in that day, has been indicated in the graphic narrative of Freeborn Garrettson. Though still a young man, Garrettson was a seasoned veteran in the service, and he was as heavenly-minded as heroic. His lot, he wrote to Wesley, soon after his arrival in Nova Scotia, had been mostly cast in new fields. He had been persecuted, beaten, stoned, shot at, and surrounded by fierce mobs; and in one case, by sudden lightning, he had been saved from the fury of armed assailants. On his arrival at Halifax, in 1785, a small preaching-place was obtained in the town. But he visited other towns—traversed mountains and valleys, frequently on foot with his knapsack on his back—threaded Indian paths up and down through the wilderness, where it was not expedient to take a horse—waded through morasses of wood and water—satisfied hunger from the knapsack, drank of the brook by the way, and at night rested his weary limbs on a bed of forest leaves. But there was a rich compensation. Souls were won for Christ. At the end of two years, the aggregate of little societies scattered through the province, a membership of three or four hundred was reported.

The varied experiences of Mr. Black's spiritual life, the secret and source of endurance and strength, and that which gave vitality and success to his ministry, are indicated by copious entries in his journal. "I rose earlier than common this morning," he wrote in 1788, "and spent two hours in devotional exercises. My heart was drawn out somewhat after God. But alas!

> 'How far from Thee I lie!
> Dear Jesus, raise me higher.'"

Two hours of the early morning set apart for devotion! Was he not sure to be brought out into a large and wealthy place? January 1st, 1789, was a memorable day. "Thy mercies, O my soul," he says, "have been many, and thankfulness to God ought to be proportionately great. By the grace of God I

devote my body and soul to Him." There was sacred resolve, the breathing of an ardent desire.

"I had uncommon liberty in preaching to-day," he was able to testify a few days later,—"my soul refreshed—faith invigorated—confidence in the atonement strengthened—Jesus felt at times to be inexpressibly precious. I long for holiness, and for full conformity to the Divine will."

In May, 1789, after seven years of faithful service, having made full proof of his ministry, Mr. Black was ordained at Philadelphia, and his ordination parchment received the signatures of Coke and Asbury—men whom he venerated for their apostolic spirit and labours. Through urgent solicitation, and because of special qualification, he was induced to take the oversight of the work in the provinces. Having obtained ordination to the office of a presbyter, he was at once summoned to the discharge of episcopal functions. But there was nothing anomalous in this arrangement. It was in strict accordance with apostolic action and injunction. St. Paul directed Titus to ordain elders in every city; and at once he speaks of them as bishops. The Apostle Peter enjoined the elders or presbyters of his time to exercise oversight, and not, as bishops, to lord it over God's heritage, but to be examples to the flock. The inspired distinction is not one of rank or of order, but of office and of service. The case under consideration conformed to New Testament precedent. The Nova Scotia evangelist was ordained a presbyter, but episcopal duties devolved upon him; and, for many years, as *primus inter pares*, he was bishop in more than name. The name of "Bishop Black," in this province, quite beyond the limits of his own denomination, and during the later years of his ministry, was familiar and greatly reverèd.

By arrangement, doubtless, with Dr. Coke, Mr. Black paid a visit to Newfoundland. Methodism in that colony was in a deplorable condition. The results of Coughlin's labours and those of others, had been mostly scattered.* John Geary had an isolated post, and he was about to abandon the island. He was weeping before God over his lonely situation, and the darkness

*Laurence Coughlin landed on the shores of Conception Bay, Newfoundland, and began his ministry there in 1765—one year before Philip Embury preached in New York. The labours of Coughlin and his immediate successors are graphically narrated in the Rev. W. T. Smith's admirable "History of Methodism in Eastern British America."

of the people. But the arrival of an earnest and experienced evangelist was felt to be "like life from the dead." An extraordinary revival was the immediate result. At Carbonear there was a cry for mercy. Men and women were pierced to the heart, as at Pentecost. There were penitents in almost every pew. The preacher left the pulpit and went up and down the aisle to pray with the weeping ones. There were like exhibitions of saving power at Harbour Grace. The Holy Ghost fell on the congregation at Black Head; first in poignant conviction, then as the spirit of liberty and love. Two hundred souls were thought to have been savingly converted to God, during that brief visit to the fishing settlements around Conception Bay. A bright day dawned upon the island mission. Methodism received an impulse which has continued to this day.

Returning to Halifax, where he had permanent residence, Mr. Black was summoned to enterprise of another kind. The erection of a place of worship was felt to be an imperative necessity. The foundations of the old Argyle Street Chapel, were dug by Methodist soldiers, and by strenous exertions of preacher and people the building was rapidly completed. That sanctuary—Zoar it was called, a place of refuge—had for many years a grand history. It was what James Montgomery, as in the case of Carver Street in his own Sheffield, would have designated "a converting furnace;" and it became the spiritual home of as goodly a band of men and women as any community could ever boast. "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there."*

In that same year, 1791, under the thrill and incentive of Newfoundland success, and with a sacred ambition to win new spoils for Christ and larger territory for the Church, Mr. Black crossed the Bay of Fundy to the Loyalist city of St. John. An unexpected exhibition of exclusiveness, and the intolerance of extreme toryism, blocked his way for a time. But every man in his own order! Eminently qualified men were just then raised up for

* A cenotaph, placed in that Argyle Street Chapel—since removed to Grafton Street Church,—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. WILLIAM BLACK," testifies that "to his labours, prudence, and patient care, is the Church in this place much indebted for its rise, increase, and prosperity: with its history will his name be associated; and his memory revered during its continuance."

pioneer work in that province. Abraham John Bishop—a native of the Island of Jersey—a man of most blessed memory, and of rare saintliness of character—who in seraphic devotion and holiness of life, seems to have as much resembled John Fletcher as any man who ever lived, had raised the standard of Methodism in St. John. The Episcopalians had just completed Trinity Church, and the building which they had vacated was purchased by Mr. Bishop for Wesleyan service. Under his ministry a congregation was gathered, souls were converted, and classes were immediately organized.* He made excursions up the river, as far as Sheffield and Fredericton, and everywhere was welcomed as a herald of salvation. Abundantly productive labour was crowded into the brief space of a few months. To the regret of very many, he left for the West Indies, caught the fatal yellow fever, was laid in a missionary grave, and was mourned by his brethren as "one of the holiest men upon earth." At St. Stephen's, in the western part of New Brunswick, Duncan McColl, a brave Scotchman, a soldier of the British army, and often under fire during the Revolutionary war, converted in Bermuda, and now located along the line, had made himself thoroughly acquainted with Wesley's writings, and preached to the people, had organized classes and commenced the erection of a chapel. For the conservation and expansion of the work which had been commenced by Bishop in St. John, and for the counsel which McColl felt that he surely needed, as well as for the occupancy of new fields in that province, Mr. Black possessed qualifications of no ordinary kind; and for many years, under his direction, the work of God in New Brunswick was successfully administered.

It will be impossible for me, within the limits of this service,

*Amongst the Loyalists who, on the 18th of May, 1783, landed on the rocky shore of what is now the Market Slip of St. John, was Stephen Humbert, a New Jersey Methodist. Through his solicitation the earliest Methodist preachers visited the new town. Mr. Bishop reached there on September 28th, 1791, preached the following Sunday. Mr. Black's visit was in November, 1791. He expected to preach at once; but, to his great perplexity, was threatened by the Chief Magistrate with imprisonment in the county gaol if he should dare to officiate without special permission of the Governor. The first appointment to St. John, as a circuit, reported in the English Minutes, is that of the Rev. Wm. Black, in 1809.

to attempt any description of the years and the itineration which followed—an excursion to several West India islands, in association with the Rev. Dr. Coke—repeated visits to the United States Conference, chiefly for the purpose of procuring preachers for these provinces; but on one occasion charged with matters of weighty responsibility, having reference to Canadian Methodism—a visit to the British Conference; where four brethren, including Bennett and Marsden, were deputed to accompany him on his return to Nova Scotia—an appointment to Bermuda, as successor to the heroic John Stephenson; an appointment which he was compelled to relinquish; for, on arrival at New York, it was found that no captain with Bermudians on board his vessel could receive a missionary.

In 1812, Mr. Black took a supernumerary relation; but, to the last, he continued to be active in the work he loved so well. In September, 1834, came the final scene. Serene and pure was the azure of the evening sky. "All is well," he said with a wonted smile and a light that sweetly suffused his face. "All is peace, no fear, no doubt." A dying blessing was bequeathed to the Church, and his last words were "All is well."

"What words of holy comfort!
Their sweetness who can tell?
Within the vale and o'er the flood
'Tis with the righteous well. 'Tis well."

The dust of this honoured and sainted servant of God, committed to kindred dust in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, lies sleeping in the burial-ground of the Grafton Street Methodist Church, hard by the entrance to vestry and pulpit; where the tombstone inscription has met the eye and thrilled the soul of many a preacher about to enter that edifice for the delivery of a sacred message: "Being dead, he yet speaketh." Lingering at that spot, during the incumbency there, many of us have been reminded of the solemn trust which has been bequeathed to us. "Bring it back, or be brought back upon it," was the charge of a heroic Spartan mother to her son, as she handed to him the shield of his father. An untarnished shield, borne bravely in many a conflict, has been committed to our trust. Oh! that we may be able to say, at the last, "*I, too, have kept the faith.*"

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XXVII—GAIN THROUGH LOSS.

"From little spark may burst a mighty flame."
—*Dante*, "Paradise," Canto I., L. 14.

"The wise ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms."
—*Shak.* "Henry IV."

EARLY in the New Year, Edith Temple received a letter from her friend, Nellie Burton, of Oil-Dorado, conveying most momentous intelligence. The briefest way to communicate the tidings is to reproduce the letter. It ran as follows:

"My Dearest Edith.—I must write you all about it, or I shall loose what little wits I have left. My brain reels yet, and I start up in my sleep at night encompassed, as it seems, by flames. But I must begin at the beginning, and tell my story in order, or you will think I have taken leave of my senses.

"You must know the business season with us had been an excellent one. Father's wells on Oil Creek had been pumping splendidly, and one or two flowing-wells that had gone dry began to flow again. Every oil-tank was full—they are huge iron things, you know, as big as a great gasometer—and father had sent millions of gallons by the pipe lines to Pittsburg. They have iron pipes laid for over a hundred miles down the Alleghany valley to the great oil refineries and storage tanks at that city. But every place was full and overflowing with oil. At father's wells it filled the tanks, and soaked the ground, and poured into the creek, floating on the top of the water, and shining in the sunlight with a strange iridescence, all the colours of the rainbow. Every thing was reeking with the smell of oil—

Oil, oil everywhere,
On the earth and in the air!

I used to smell oil, I believe, when I was asleep.

"Father gave the strictest orders to observe the utmost precau-

tions against fire, and absolutely prohibited smoking about the works. But there are men who *will* smoke, even though they were in a powder magazine, or in a mine filled with fire-damp. Well, we had one such, a stoker in the boiler-house. At the close of one of the dark days of December, just as the men were leaving work, he laid down his pipe, which he had been smoking, near some oil-soaked rags; and in a moment—almost before the men could get out of the building—the whole place was wrapped in flames. It was *sauve qui peut*, I assure you. The men had to fly for their lives, almost without attempting to save a thing. We were just sitting down to tea when the alarm was given, and father jumped up, almost upsetting the table, and rushed out bare-headed to the works. I ran out on the verandah, and there the whole valley seemed ablaze. The oil derricks caught fire one after another, and flamed like great beacons against the dark pines on the hill side, lighting up everything as bright as day. Presently one of the great oil-tanks caught fire, no one knew how, and shot up to the sky a great column of flame and lurid smoke. Then the men began to dig trenches from the tanks to the creek, and I heard father shouting to bring the cannon, and they dragged the twelve-pounder from the fire-hall up to the hill back of our house. Then they began firing round shot against the tank, so as to draw off the oil into the creek, to prevent it exploding and firing the other tanks. Bang! bang! went the cannon. Sometimes the balls missed the tank, sometimes they glanced from the iron sides; but at last two balls, one after another, pierced the tank, and the black streams of oil poured out and flowed into the creek; thousand of dollars' worth going to waste—enough to buy that diamond set I wanted ten times over.

"How it was no one knew, but suddenly the oil in the creek caught fire, and, like a flash, the flames ran down the stream—a river of fire licking up everything thing that could burn. Oh, it was awful—the roar of the flames, the crash of the falling derricks, the rolling clouds of lurid smoke! Then the other tanks of oil, one after another, caught fire, and some of them exploded with a fearful noise, scattering the flames far and wide. In an hour every thing we owned, except the house in which we lived, was destroyed, and from being a rich man father had become a very poor one. But he never lost heart or hope. He just said, 'Well, Nell, that is the third fortune I have made and lost; I must try

to make another. But at his time of life it is not so easily done as if he were ten years younger. I'm going to help him, Edith, all I can. Heretofore I have been nothing but a bill of expense. I never earned a dollar in my life. I had no idea how expensive I was till one day I was sorting the papers in father's desk for him, and found a lot of receipted school and college bills, and music bills, and dressmakers' and jewellers' bills. I declare it made me feel ashamed of myself, as he came in, grey and haggard and worn, with toiling for me. He has given me everything I wanted, and I wanted everything I saw or could think of. But now I am going to earn money for him. My education has cost thousands of dollars, and I am determined to turn it to some account. But I find that I know scarcely anything well enough to teach it, unless perhaps music, and that only because I am so passionately fond of it. Father laughed when I said I was going to give lessons and earn money; but I saw a tear come into his eyes, which he hastily brushed away, and laying his hand upon my head he said, in a husky voice, 'Bless you, my child; it is for your sake I feel the loss more than for myself.' And as I kissed his poor dear wrinkled hand, and said 'Never fear for me, father; I can earn money enough to support myself, and help you too,' he seemed to roll off a load of care, and actually to become young again.

"But, Edith dear, I confess to a deep disappointment about that trip to Europe, which I must now give up, and, perhaps, never make at all. Give my love to dear Carrie Mason. What a merry time we had last year! I hope Dr. Norton has sense enough to appreciate her devotion. She was very fond of him, I could perceive, though she tried to conceal it. But those stupid male creatures often don't see what is right under their noses. I hope your solemn husband will think better of me now that I have ceased to be a silly butterfly of fashion, and become a sensible honey-making bee—a perfect pattern of industry.

"As ever,

"Your 'ownest own.'

"NELLIE BURTON."

Between smiles and tears, Edith Temple read this characteristic letter, with its mingled levity and depth and tenderness of feeling. She had deferred writing an account of Carrie Mason's death, till she should feel more capable of describing the closing

scene, and now it seemed as if she had been guilty of culpable neglect.

When she mentioned to Dr. Norton the news of the change of fortune with the Burtons, although he was very profuse in his expressions of sympathy, he did not seem to be very sorry, indeed she thought she observed a sort of exultation in his manner as he said—

"Well, I'm sorry for her father, of course; but I am not sure but it is the best thing that could have happened for Miss Burton. It will give her a chance to show her metle; and there is in her the making of a noble woman, which, probably, only adversity would bring out."

Then when Edith alluded to the hint about the tender interest in himself of Carrie Mason, he manifested the utmost surprise.

"Do you think so?" he said.

"Yes, I do think so; I know it," continued Edith; "but she would have died rather than have you suspect it."

"Dear child," said the Doctor, as he wiped a generous tear from his eye, "it makes me think better of myself to learn that I was capable of inspiring a feeling of regard in one so pure, so spiritual, as she. I owe her more than tongue can tell. Her holy life, her purity of soul, brought me back from the chaos of doubt to the beautiful cosmos of Christian faith."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—LIFE'S CHEQUERED PATHS.

"Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread."
—*Cotton*, "The Fireside."

"Thank God for life, life is not sweet always,
Still it is life, and life is cause for praise."
—*Susan Coolidge*, "Benedicam Domino."

"The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together."
—*Shak.* "All's Well that Ends Well."

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased, nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be."
—*Longfellow*, "Morituri Salutamus."

A few weeks later, Dr. Norton incidently remarked, during a

call at the parsonage, that he was about to take a little holiday trip.

"Isn't it a queer time of the year to take a holiday trip?" Lawrence blunderingly inquired.

"I don't know that the time of the year makes much difference," replied the Doctor; "a busy man must take his holiday when he can get it."

As he did not seem disposed to be very communicative, Lawrence forbore to ask whither his holiday-making would lead him; and Edith, who had a shrewd suspicion, dextrously turned the conversation into another channel.

Within a month he again made his appearance at the parsonage, his face radiant with joy.

"Congratulate me," he exclaimed, shaking his friends heartily by the hands, "I've won her, the noblest girl on earth, and all through that lucky fire."

"What is he talking about?" said Lawrence, who was rather slow-witted in reading riddles of this kind, appealing to his wife. "Has the man gone crazy? or what is the matter with him?"

"I do, indeed, congratulate you," said Edith, warmly; "you deserve it. You have won a prize. But I could have told you that before you left. You men are so stupid in reading our sex." And she laughed archly at both her husband and the Doctor.

"But what has the fire to do with it?" asked Lawrence, upon whom a glimmer of the facts of the case began to dawn.

"Well, you know, I'm as proud as Lucifer," replied the Doctor, "and so long as Miss Burton was a millionaire's daughter and I a poor physician, my lips were sealed. But when his riches took to themselves wings of flame and flew away, why I mustered courage to plead my suit—and—and, well I was not rejected."

"And would not have been before," said Edith. "Beneath her levity of manner, Nellie Burton had a noble soul, one of great depth and strength of feeling, and incapable of a sordid thought."

"Yes! yes! that is true, every word of it," said the Doctor with exultation, "but the stern parent guards her like a dragon. She is his only child, and he lavishes on her the wealth of affection his strong nature bestowed upon her mother, long since dead. He thinks there is no man on earth good enough for his daughter, in which he is not far astray. He is richer since the fire than before it. It has revealed to him what a treasure he has in his

daughter. He is prouder of her than ever. She is the apple of his eye. 'Well, young man,' he said, as I asked her of him, 'I'm getting old, and can't long take care of my little girl, and I've very little to leave her. I don't know but I can die all the more content if I know that some honest fellow will love and cherish and protect her, and I think you will. I like you. You weren't scared away by our misfortune, like some of them popinjay fellows from New York, that were dangling after her when she had lots of money, and now have become invisible. I think I can trust her to you. Be good to her. Be kind. If you were to treat her as some men treat their wives, an old man's curse would smite you even from the grave!' and he wrung my hand in his emotion as if he would crush it. But God do so to me, and more also," added the Doctor solemnly, "if it be not my chief joy to make her happy."

In the excess of his new-found happiness, it seemed a necessity of his nature to pour into the sympathising ears of his friends rapsodies of talk about his plans and prospects.

"I am so glad," he said, "for one thing, that the dear girl is not to be disappointed of her trip to Europe, although it will be made in a very different style from what she anticipated; yet I doubt not she will enjoy it just as well, and perhaps learn a good deal more. For professional reasons I have long desired to visit the great hospitals and institutions of London, Paris, and Vienna I have saved a little money, and in no way can I invest it better than in professional studies abroad, and at the same time fulfil the life-dream of us both."

Soon after, a quiet wedding took place at Oil-Dorado. The surroundings were utterly prosaic—the charred and blackened valley, the skeleton derricks, the rusty oil-tanks. But the budding trees and flowers of spring were clothing with beauty the desolate scene; and love's young romance suffused with radiance the austerities of the present, and spanned with a rainbow of hope the future. The old man, but late a millionaire, was now a foreman in extensive oil-works, but full of indomitable energy, and determined to make another fortune for his "little girl," as he persisted in calling her. While proud of his daughter, and caressing her with a yearning tenderness, he seemed half jealous of the stalwart fellow who had come to carry her off.

"Its only for a year father," said the affectionate girl, return-

ing his caresses, "and when we come back you must come and live with us, and never work any more."

"That would be poor rest for me, my dear," he said with a flickering smile; "I've worked as long as I can remember, and expect to work as long as God gives me strength. It is a necessity of my nature; fortune or no fortune makes no difference to me; I must work while I live." And in this he was but a type of a vast number of his countrymen, and of our own as well.

Another year rolled swiftly round. Lawrence's three years on the Fairview Circuit had been uncommonly successful. The societies were built up in numbers and in piety. A neat church had been erected for the growing cause at the village of Morven, and had just been successfully opened. A gallery had been added to that at Fairview, and a parsonage built, which would be ready for the occupancy of the next preacher. For, more than any other class of men, the Methodist itinerants build houses in which other men live, and sow fields which other men reap:

> Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves,
> Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves,
> Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,
> Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

The Mechanics' Institute had become a great success, a centre of intellectual light and knowledge to the neighbourhood. The "Dog and Gun" tavern was almost deserted. Its sign still creaked drearily in the wind, but the sign-post leaned suggestively out of the perpendicular, as if symbolizing the effect of the potations procured within. The whole place had an air of decay and dilapidation, quite in keeping with the aspect of the miserable creatures who lounged about the bar, or hung around the door. Among these was Phin Crowle, more and more slouchy and degraded-looking than ever; resisting every effort of his brother Bob, now a zealous temperance worker, and of the preacher and his wife to reclaim him.

"'Taint no use tryin'," he would say to every loving remonstrance and appeal, "the Devil's got his hooks into me and won't let go. It's too late, I tell ye; I aint got no power to reform, an I aint got no will, nayther. 'Ephraim's jined to his idols,' aint that what the preacher said? 'let him alone. There's no hope for him.' I'll be found dead in the ditch, some day. I've lived the life of a beast, let me die the death of a dog."

Still his brother Bob prayed for him, and besought him, and hoped on against hope; but, to all human appearance, without the least prospect of his reform.

William Saunders, after his fearful relapse, walked very carefully and humbly before God, praying daily with impassioned earnestness, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." His good wife, Mary, rejoiced with trembling. Conscious of his weakness he gave her all his money to keep, and kept steadily at his work; avoiding, as he would the mouth of hell, the temptation of the tavern door. When he had occasion to pass it, he would ask his wife, as the guardian angel of his life, to bear him company and save him from the tempting fiends.

Again a little company were assembled at the hospitable house of Father Lowry—this time to bid, not a welcome, but a farewell to the preacher and his wife. Good Mother Lowry looked more motherly than ever, with here and there a thread of grey in her hair, but with her heart youthful and happy as ever. Mr. Manning and Uncle Jabez, were congratulating themselves on the fulfilment of their predictions of three years ago, as to the success of the preacher.

"I knowed," said Uncle Jabez, "that he had the right sort of grit in him by the way he shook hands the first time I saw him —as if he meant it, you know. Now some folk, you know, has no more soul in their shake-hands than if you were to shake a cod-fish by the tail."

Even Mrs. Marshall smoothed her austere front for the time, and admitted in confidence to Mrs. Manning that she had been mistaken about the preacher's wife, that she "wasn't a bit stuck up for all she had been to college. I'm afeard we won't see another like her," she added.

"Why, my gals," replied Mrs. Manning, "just dote on her. They think nobody can be like her. I wuz afeard at first she wuz agoin' to spile 'em—lendin' 'em books and showin' 'em how to trim their bonnets, and the likes. But I don't see but they make just as good butter as ever they did: an' if the preacher's wife hadn't got into their good graces that way, I don't believe they would have been brought into the church at the revival last winter."

To Lawrence's great surprise, besides the present from the members and friends of the Mechanic's Institute, before alluded

to, a well-filled purse was given him in the name of the circuit on the occasion of the farewell assembly. He was completely, he said, "taken aback." He stammered and stumbled in his speech, and never before made so miserable an attempt at an address yet the most fluent eloquence would have touched the people less than his evident emotion as he strove to reply. When he recovered his voice and his composure, he exhorted his friends to receive his successor as kindly, and to work with him as harmoniously, as they had received and worked with him. "Don't tell him," he said, "either all the faults or all the virtues of his predecessor. If you tell him the first, he will think that you will say the same of him when he leaves; if you tell him the second, he will think that you mean to contrast him with his predecessor. No man can walk comfortably in another's shoes. 'Let him gang his ain gait.' Accept him as the messenger of God to you for good, and God bless you both, and bring us all to the great gathering-place, the Father's house, the home of the soul on high."

Sweet Carrie Mason was not forgotten on this occasion, and good Mother Lowry let fall a tear as she spoke to Edith of her winsome presence on their first meeting in that place. The village folk were deeply interested in the romance of Dr. Norton's marriage, and were glad to learn from Edith that he and his bride would soon be back among them, but were sorry to hear that the probabilities were that he would make his future home in the fast growing city of Wentworth, where he would find an ampler field for his professional skill. By a curious coincidence Lawrence was also appointed to one of the churches of that city, which had already, to himself and his wife, so many interesting associations. Edith had many delightful letters from her old friend Nellie Norton, describing, with all the zest of a brilliant and sympathetic woman, her visit to London, the great heart of the world; to Paris, the beautiful; to Switzerland, the sublime; and to the stately splendour of Vienna and Berlin. She was looking forward with eager delight to renewing her intimate association with Edith in the same city where they had so singularly become acquainted a few years before. Her father was no longer foreman, but partner, in the firm with which he engaged after the loss of his property; but made no change in his intense devotion to business.

"How strangely God weaves the web of our lives," wrote Nellie Norton in one of her letters. "Ofttimes so tangled seem the threads that we know not what the pattern will be like. But we see here only the wrong side of the web, and only part of that. When from the vantage ground of a higher life we shall see the whole pattern in its beauty and completness, I believe that every seeming snarl and tangle in the skein of life will be found to have been essential to the perfect whole. God has frustrated some of my plans only to more blessedly fulfil them. Henceforth I can trust to the uttermost with my unknown future Him, who has dealt so graciously and lovingly with my divinely-guided past."

THE END.

WHAT SHALL WE BRING.

BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD

WHAT shall we bring the stranger,
Born upon Christmas day?
A star the heavens lend Him,
Angels with songs attend Him,
Turn not, O earth, away.

The souls of men are weary,
On blinding paths they go;
The nights hang murk and dreary,
All sounds are full of woe.
Yet high the herald splendour breaks,
The choral melody awakes,
For in the Christmas morn
Is the Deliverer born!

Draw near, ye sin defiled,
Look on the sinless Child!
He comes to sueh as ye,—
Captive, to set you free;
Wounded, to heal your pain;
Lost, to reclaim again.

What shall we bring? Our gold is dust,
His own always, ours but in trust!
Our honour, to enrich His fame,
Who bears o'er all the highest name.
What can these poor hands bring
Unto creation's King?

Love He will own and take,
For His most holy sake;
He in whose boundless heart
Love's purest currents start,
Asks of each soul again its store;
Asks the one guerdon meet
Poured at His blessed feet,
Rich, for love's sake, Himself made poor.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

A Christmas Hymn.

BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

See the star whose peaceful gleaming,
Lights the darkness of our earth ;
Read we in its joyous beaming
Of the true Messiah's birth.

Comes He not in pomp and glory,
Nor in regal robes arrayed ;
But upon a humble pillow,
Low His kingly head is laid.

See ! the star is brighter glowing,
Fast its burning rays increase ;
Over all the earth 'tis throwing
Beams of hope, and love, and peace.

Bring we, then, our choicest offering,
Humbly to His blessed shrine ;
Henceforth Saviour, King immortal,
Thou art ours, and we are thine.

Christ's Birth.

On the night of the birth of Christ a group of shepherds lay out, with their flocks, on the hillside. Some of them were keeping their turn of watching while others slept. St. Luke expressly tells us they were "watching the watches of the night." To have received such surpassing honour from above they must have been members, though poor and humble, of that true Israel which included Mary and Joseph, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Simeon and Anna, the representatives in those dark days of the saints of the nation in its brighter past. They must have been men looking out in their simple way toward the invisible and eternal, and seeking that kingdom of God for themselves which was one day, as they believed, to be revealed in their nation at large. Only that mind which has sympathy with external nature can receive in their true significance the impressions it is fitted to convey, and only the heart which has sympathy with spiritual things can recognize their full meaning. Poetic sensibility is required in the one case, and religious in the other. In each it

is the condition of sincere emotion. The stillness over hill and valley, broken only by the bleating of the sheep, the unclouded brightness of the Syrian sky with its innumerable stars, and the associations of these mountain pastures, dear to every Jew as the scene of David's youth, were over and around them.

With the ever-memorable anthem—the first and last melody of heaven ever heard by mortal ears—the light faded from the hills as the angels went away into heaven, and left earth once more in the shadow of night, knowing and thinking nothing of that which so supremely interested distant worlds. Wondering at such a vision, and full of simple trust, the shepherds had only one thought—to see the babe and its mother for themselves.

Climbing the hill, therefore, with eager haste, they hurried to Bethlehem, and there found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger, as had been told them.

No details are given; no heightening of the picture of this act of reverence to the new-born Saviour. Nor are they are needed. The lowliness of the visitors, the pure image of the virgin mother and her child, are better left in their own simplicity.

Infancy is forever dignified by the manger of Bethlehem; womanhood is ennobled to its purest ideal in Mary; man, as such, receives abiding honour in the earliest accepted homage to her Son, being that of the simplest poor.

A great teacher has pointed out some striking lessons in the way in which the whole incident was received, as St. Luke relates, by those immediately concerned. The shepherds spread abroad the story with hearts full of grateful adoration; the hearers wonder at it, but Mary ponders in her heart all that had been told her. "There were more virgins in Israel, more even of the tribe of David, than she," says the great preacher; "but she was the chosen of God. It was natural, and it is easy to understand, that when a second appearance of angels, like that which she had already herself experienced, was seen, she should ponder in her heart their words, which concerned her so nearly. But if we ask ourselves, was this pondering the words in her heart already the true faith that carries the blessing, the fruitful seed of a personal relation to the Saviour? did Mary already believe, firmly and immovably, that the Saviour of the world should see the light of life through her?—

the Gospel leave us too clearly to think the opposite. There was a time, long after this, when Christ was already a teacher, when she wavered between Him and His brethren, who did not believe in Him: when she went out with them to draw Him away from His course, and bring Him back to her narrower circle of home-life, as one who was hardly in His right mind. Firm, unwavering trust, that knows no passing cloud, is a work of time with all who have an inner personal nearness to the Saviour; and it was so with Mary. She reached it only, like us all, through manifold doubts and struggles of her heart, by that grace from above which roused her, ever anew, and led her on from step to step."—*Dr. C. Geikie.*

The Angelic Message.

What sudden blaze of song
  Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven!
In waves of light it thrills along,
  The angelic signal given:
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire,
  Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir,
Like circles widening round
  Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
  Is echoed on forever.—*Keble.*

When the Saviour of mankind was born, the night shone out like the day. When He hung dying on the cross, the splendour of the Syrian sun was turned into polar darkness. But not for all the busy and self-seeking world were all the light and all the celestial harmony of that first Christmas Eve. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." It was not to crowned or mitred heads, or their ministers, that the glad tidings were first proclaimed, but to "holy and humble men of heart," to "pastoral spirits," first. A company of shepherds were, after the manner of their country, guarding their flocks on the cold, wintry nigh, tfrom injury by wild beasts or robbers. The shades of night had closed them in, except for the few lights that, perhaps, were glimmering still in Bethlehem not far off. The rough pastures were the same where Ruth had gleaned, and David, her great grandson, had followed his flocks. And here, of all places, and to these, of all men, God in His

love for the poor and simple-hearted, who hides all these things "from the wise and the prudent," (in their own eyes,) "and reveals them unto babes," sent a glorious angel, and the Shekinah, the Divine glory, shone round about them, and trembling fell upon them, as seems to have been the wont of men when made the objects of Divine revelation. And now again the proclamation echoes through the sounding vaults of heaven, of a Saviour born that night in the city of David, "who is Christ the Lord." Then, without a pause, a glory filled the sky, and the angel host broke forth upon the sight of the astonished shepherds, while harmonious sounds of more than mortal sweetness swelled on the air, more rich and full than any to which the human ear had ever listened, in that song of angels which has cheered the heart and warmed the affections of thousands since, at each return of the glad season when first it fell upon the ear of man: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—*The Rev. F. A. Malleson.*

"The Man Christ Jesus."

Our Christmas celebrations must keep in joyful remembrance the divine nature of our Lord. We must not suffer that view of Him to be eclipsed; no, not even to be shadowed. "Christ is God," must be the theme of our glad thought. "Christ is God," and so He is mighty to save. "Christ is God," and so He can save even unto the uttermost. "Christ is God," and so, though your sins are as scarlet, they may be as wool; though red like crimson, they may be whiter than snow. "Christ is God," and hence His power among men through all the long centuries, hence the "multitude which no man can number" gathered at the last "faultless in the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

But there is also the human side of the nature of our Lord. The manhood is as truly His as the Godhead. If the portents of nature as He hung on Calvary, if the open, empty tomb on the Easter morning, unite to proclaim the God, the manger-cradle at Bethlehem proclaims the Man. Our Christmas festival may well be the commemoration of the humanity of the Saviour. Nor need we fear because some abuse this truth by holding it to the exclusion of its counterpart, to take from it the comfort it is meant to bring to us. Remembering always that our Saviour is divine, we may also remember that He is human.

Blessed be God, while our Saviour is divine—mightiest among the mighty, "higher than the kings of the earth," exalted above the angelic hosts to the very throne of God—He also is human! The Image of the invisible God is a man among men—Immanuel, God with us!

Now what does this mean? Is it not, first of all, that we can understand godliness, even if our human limitations prevent us from understanding God? God, as pure spirit, dazzles and blinds our eyes with His ineffable brightness. God in Christ is level to our comprehension. What Christ was in those human years—obedient to the will of God, diligent about His Father's business, submissive under trial, sympathetic with sorrow, wrapt in holy communion, trustful in all circumstances, faithful unto death—is the exhibition of what we may be; is the example that we should follow in His steps. Christ as a man shows us what our manhood may be, shows us as well how we may "be filled with all the fullness of God."

And, then, is not Christ as a man a sympathizing Saviour? God is sovereign, and we may bow in reverent but wondering awe before Him. Christ is our brother, and takes us into His heart of hearts. The work of God's redeeming love does not mean simply the entrance at the last into heavenly beatitudes. That is its consummation, but there is much that precedes it. Christ's atoning work is not only for us, but in us. It has its result, not only on condition, but on character. It not only lifts up the everlasting doors, but it makes us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. And this, in large measure, is wrought through the sympathy of Jesus with us. He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He was "tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." Physical infirmity he understands—hunger and thirst and weariness and pain. Human emotions he has felt—did He not weep at the grave of Lazarus? Satan has assailed Him as he assails us. The burden of work to be done has laid its weight upon His conscience.

Ah, we may be sure that the Man of Nazareth understands our wants, and enters into our feelings. We may be sure that we may take to Him our every want and aspiration and purpose, our every doubt and difficulty and fear, in the fullest confidence that He can enter into our experience, and do for us just what we need. —*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE EARLY YEARS OF CHRISTIANITY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE story of the first three centuries of the Christian era will ever continue to be the most important and most interesting chapter in the history of the race. It was a grand transition period. Old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new. Paganism, like a rotten tree, was hollow at the heart and tottering to its fall. The world, weary with waiting for the healer of its woes, hailed with joy the divine Teacher who brought life and immortality to light. The new and world-agitating ideas of Christianity were everywhere renovating society. The old faiths were fading out of the firmament of human thought. The old gods were reeling on their thrones. It was the heroic period of the Christian Church. She was girding herself, like a noble athlete, for the conquest of mankind. She was engaged in deadly struggle with paganism for possession of the race. On the side of the latter were all the resources of the empire—the victorious legions, the treasures of the East and West, the prestige of power and splendour, a vast hierarchy, an ancient and venerated national religion, and, most potent ally of all, the corruptions and lusts of the evil heart of man. To these Christianity opposed the omnipotence of its divine principles —its fervent love, its sublime virtue, its heroic self-sacrifice—and they proved victorious. In this conflict both evil and good were brought into strongest relief and most striking contrast. Persecution was kindled to intensest rage against the new faith; but Christianity nerved itself to suffer with a quietness of spirit all that the wrath of man was able to inflict. Nay, the hour of its sorest trial was that also of its noblest triumph. A modern Hercules even in its infancy, around its cradle were strewn the strangled serpents of heathen superstitions, vain philosophies, and pernicious heresies.

Ever since the revival of learning, this period has been the subject of exhaustive study by successive generations of critical scholars. It has been the battle-ground fought over, inch by inch, by orthodox and skeptical polemics. Its contemporary literature has been the armoury which has furnished weapons both for the attack and the defence of the truth. The names of Fabricius, Mosheim, Echard, Bingham, Cave, King, Jortin, Milner, Milman Neander, Giesler, Schaff, Killen, Lea, Pressense, Merivale, Gibbon, Strauss, Baur, Renan, and Lecky, do not exhaust the list of those who have gleaned rich harvests in these oft-reaped fields.

With his last admirable book Canon Farrar completes the noble trilogy on which for twelve years he has been at work. The present volume has not the glowing eloquence of style of his Life of Chrirt, or even of his St. Paul; but it is superior, we think, in critical value. The studies of St. Peter and St. Jude, St. James and St. John, will be to the careful Bible reader invaluable. The learned author inclines to the view that Peter was actually in Rome, and was crucified there,

* *The Early Years of Christianity.* By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. New York: Cassel, Petter & Galpin; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. 8vo. pp. xvii, 664. Price, $2.25.

The Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism. By Dr. GERHARD UHLHORN, Abbot of Loccum, Hanover. From 3rd German Ed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $2.75. It is gratifying to us to find in this learned work that our book on the Catacombs is repeatedly referred to as an authority on those important evidences of early Christianity. Dr. Whedon makes similar use of it in his Commentary on the Pauline Epistles.

a conclusion which we have elsewhere attempted to controvert. The Romish traditions on the subject, it seems to us, prove too much, if they prove anything. Canon Farrar, however, we are glad to find, rejects utterly the notion of St. Peter's twenty-four years episcopate at Rome. The Romish doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of our Lord he also rejects, adducing cogent arguments in support of the conclusion that the "brothers" of our Lord were the sons of Mary and Joseph. He recounts the touching legend, that the Emperor Domitian hearing that some kinsmen of our Lord, of the royal tribe of David, were still living in Judea, was alarmed least they should put forth political pretensions, and summoned them to his presence. He found, however, that they were two simple peasants, with toil-worn, horny hands, living on a small farm, and dismissed them without injury.

Canon Farrar concludes that Appollos, not Paul, was the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, not on account of its difference of style from the writings of the great Apostle, which he thinks not inexplicable, but on account of its theological peculiarities, and tinge of Alexandrian thought. This theory, suggested by Luther, is becoming generally and increasingly adopted. Dr. Whedon, however, maintains with great force its Pauline origin.

The treatment of the Apocalypse, appears to us the most rational we have ever met. He finds its key in the cruel persecutions of Nero, pre-eminently "the man of sin;" and all its revelations, he argues, deal with events on the contemporary horizon, not in the far future.

This book is characterised by the same wealth of learning, and the same beauty of diction as his former works; but it is also marred, as we judge, by his unsound views on the subject of "eternal hope."

Dr. Uhlhorn's book deals with the later phases of the great world-shaking conflict, the beginnings of which are described by Canon Farrar. He treats first the progressive assimilation of the Roman Empire by Roman arms and the Greek intellect, a preparation for the universal Kingdom of Christ. The ancient world was full of gods—so full that it was easier, said Petronius, to find a god than a man. Yet reverence for these dieties had vanished, and the fickle populace laughed in the theatres at the gods whom they worshipped in the temples. At the same time strange oriental religions filled the Occident. "In Tiberem defluxit Orontes," says Juvenal. The gods of Syria and Egypt—Isis and Serapis, Attys and Mithras—had their altars in Greece and Rome, in Gaul and Britain, and abject superstitions terrified the hearts of millions. Yet, amid the darkness were voices singing of the dawn, like the nightingales of Sophocles in the groves of the Eumenides. Plato had already said, "We wait for some God or God-inspired man to take away the darkness from our eyes." "After death," said Cicero, "we shall for the first time truly live." Yet the masses were without hope, or were full of torturing uncertainty, and on their tombs was written "Death is an eternal sleep."

"The mission of Judaism," says our author, "was two-fold—to be the birthplace of the Christian Church, and to prepare the way for it among the heathen." The Jews were indeed the Diaspora, "the scattered abroad." "It is not easy," says Strabo, "to find a place in the heathen world where they are not." In Rome, under Tiberius, they numbered 80,000. But on the banks of the Danube or on the banks of the Nile they were the same peculiar people. The Synagogue had won many proselytes — earnest souls turning from the barren cults of paganism and groping after the true God.

When faith—even pagan faith, goes—morals perish with it. The condition of the dying Roman world is too appalling to comtemplate. The prodigality was prodigious. A single necklace of Lollia Paulina cost $2,000,000. Vitellius expended in a few months $150,000,000.

> "Wealth was a monster gorged,
> 'Mid starving populations."

In the Empire were 60,000,000 slaves and a few hundred tyrants, and no middle class. At the head of this chaos of wickedness was an Emperor who, in the terrible phrase of Gibbon, was "at once a priest, an atheist, and a God."

> On that hard Pagan world disgust
> And secret loathing fell;
> Deep weariness and sated lust
> Made human life a hell.

Our author gives a vivid picture of the games of the circus by which, and by monthly doles of five bushels of wheat per man, the masses were cajoled into apathy. Three hundred and sixty-five thousand people could assemble in the circus. Its contests were as exciting as those on which the fate of Empires hung. "Does the green lose?" says Juvenal, "then Rome is aghast as after the battle of Cannæ."

The condition of the slave population was appalling. They were branded like cattle. The ergastula, or slave barracks, were noisome prisons. The lash of the taskmaster was heard in the fields, and crosses bearing aloft their quivering victims made hideous the highway. This oppressed mass of humanity became the hot-bed of vice, in which every evil passion grew apace. To these wretched beings came the Gospel of liberty with a strange, a thrilling power. The wretched slave, in his intervals of toil or torture, heard with joy the emancipating message, and sprang up enfranchised by an immortalizing hope. The worst result of slavery was that honest toil was despised, and under slavery the country degenerated into poverty. But the religion of Jesus the carpenter, who died Himself the death of a slave, restored its innate dignity to toil.

"If society," says our author, "was to be regenerated, it was necessary that the foundations be laid anew. These lay in marriage, and in the family," and he proceeds to show the marvellous moral transformation which Christianity wrought, as it does still in India, in China, in Japan. Especially is this seen in its ennobling and dignifying the estate of woman, before treated either as a toy or a slave. "What wives these Christians have!" exclaimed the heathen in amazement at the moral dignity of their characters.

The sublime instinct of charity, of human brotherhood, is almost entirely the outgrowth of Christianity. "A man is a wolf," says Plautus, "to a man whom he does not know," and pagan history too truly verifies the saying. "Anger and revenge," says Aristotle, "are lawful passions." "The ancient world was a world without love." No house of mercy reared its walls for the suffering or sorrowing. Our asylums and hospitals are the outgrowth of the religion of Jesus. "They love each other without knowing each other," says a Pagan of the Christians, in astonishment. "By this shall all men," says Christ, "know that ye are my disciples." The charities of the early Church to the poor and the persecuted were most generous. "Blessed," says Origin, "is he who fasts to feed the poor."

The rapid spread of Christianity, in spite of opposition and persecution, is marvellous. Within a century from the day of Pentecost, the Roman Empire was covered with a network of churches. Zealous misionaries, like Paul and Silas, preached in Athens, in Corinth, in Rome; travelling craftsmen and traders, like Aquilla and Priscilla, taught to fellow craftsmen and traders, at the loom and in the market, and slaves to fellow slaves. But, most of all, persecution scattered the Christians abroad, and they won converts by their deaths more than by their lives. "You may kill us," said Justin Martyn, "but you cannot harm us." "Do you believe that when your head is smitten off," said the executioner to Cyprian, "you will live again?" "I know it—beyond all peradventure I know it," he replied, and he went rejoicing to his doom. To destroy, if possible, this last hope, the persecutors of Gaul burned the bodies of the martys and threw their ashes into the Rhone. "Now we shall see," said

the heathen in mockery, "if they will rise again."

The forces of Christianity gathered for the final conflict. The Church was a compact and almost universal organization. It was massed in the cities, the centres of thought and activity. The pagans were, as the word means, chiefly dwellers in the country. By a final but cruel outburst of persecution under Diocletian, Galerius, and Maximian, the false and fickle were winnowed from the true and tried. Paganism, in the death-throes of its mortal agony, wreaked its wrath upon its hapless victims. *Non licet esse vos* -" It is not lawful for you to exist," was the stern edict of extirpation pronounced against them. But like the rosemary and thyme, which the more they are bruised give out the richer perfume, Christianity breathed forth the odors of sanctity which are fragrant in the world to-day. From the martyrs' blood, more prolific than the fabled dragon's teeth, new hosts of Christian heroes rose, contending for the martyrs' starry and unwithering crowns.

The Christian Emperor Constantine became the champion and defender of the persecuted faith. Like the trump of jubilee, the edict of toleration pealed through the land. It penetrated the gloomy dungeon, the darksome mine, the Catacomb's dim labyrinth; and from their sombre depths vast processions of "noble wrestlers of religion" thronged to the long-forsaken churches with grateful songs of praise to God.

Our author treats, with much learning and skilful grouping of historic facts, the strange revival of paganism under the ascetic Emperor Julian, who, in his youth a lay reader in the Church, bears forever the brand of "the Apostate." Paganism, in its dying struggle, was not the bright and cheery nature-worship of its poetic days. Instead of the beautiful statues of Diana and Apollo, of Jove and Juno, which decorated the early temples, monstrous forms and black fetich stones received the homage of their devotees. Intense fanaticism prevailed, and bloody rites were observed,—the *Taurobolium* and *Kriobolium*, wherein the blood of bulls and rams, streaming over the devotee, was to cleanse his soul. *In eternum renatus*—"regenerated forever"—is the inscription often found on votive tablets in connection with these rites. Art degenerated, and even the portrait busts became hideously ugly. Poetry degraded into pedant's tricks. Philosophy gave place to idle rhetoric. Bitter was the hostility to Christianity and its founder—"the crucified imposter," as Celsus called Him.

Yet this dying struggle of paganism was a futile one. When Julian, on his way to the East, turned aside to sacrifice to Apollo at his favourite seat, the grove of Daphne, he only found a solitary old priest, and the only sacrifice was a goose! This reaction was seen by the Christian teachers to be only temporary. "Nubecula est, transibit," said Athanasius to a disciple. "It is but a little cloud, it will pass." And in the death of Julian, by a Persian spear, in the plains beyond the Tigris, Hancient eathenism fell, crying out, "O Nazarene, thou hast conquered!"

These books have an interest far beyond that of the most fascinating romance. They

> Vindicate eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to man.

They show how God, by the Gospel of His grace, is reconciling the world to Himself, and bringing in many sons unto righteousness.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The Bible in the Public Schools.

The question of popular Education is the great question of the day. In Great Britain, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in the United States and Canada, even in India and Japan, it is challenging public attention, and demanding the wisest consideration of the greatest statesmen of the age. In France, in reaction against the ultramontane and absolutist influence of the Jesuit and priest teachers, the department of Public Instruction seeks to make the teaching in the schools completely secular, one zealous functionary even going so far as to exclude "Robinson Crusoe" from the school library because it contained the name of God. In Italy from the same causes, much the same feeling obtains. But in Germany, in Scandinavia, and for the most part in Great Britain, the Bible is recognized as the foundation of morality, and is therefore taught in the Public Schools. Probably in no nation in Europe are Bible-ethics more carefully taught, than in Norway and Sweden, and to this fact DuChaillu attributes the social happiness and wellbeing of the Scandinavian communites, their thrift, industry and prosperty,—the infrequency of labour strikes and entire absence of Communism and Nihilism.

Happily in this Province of Ontario, and we think in most of the other Provinces of our Dominion, the same reverence for religion, the same recognition of the Bible as its best exponent, for the most part prevails; and in a large proportion of our Public Schools the Bible is daily read. Still in this Province this is optional with the local trustees, and through carelessness or antipathy in many cases, the wise provision for Bible reading is ignored.

The object of the influential deputation which waited on the Premier of Ontario, was to have this option withdrawn, and to make it the rule that the Bible should be read in all the Schools. There is herein no compulsion to take part in the exercises, for any parents who object may have their children excused from being present during such reading. Yet this reasonable request is strenuously opposed by a great political organ, on the ground that the schools are not exclusively Protestant Schools. Because there may be a Roman Catholic lad in the school. who may be excused if he so desire from presence at the Bible reading, therefore, forsooth, the whole school may through the apathy or antipathy of a board of trustees be deprived of this important right. Mr. Mowat in his courteous reply to the deputation, expressed his entire sympathy with them and declared that Christianity was recognized by the law of the land. To this broad Christianity our Roman Catholic friends, as well as ourselves subscribe. We believe that comparatively few of them would object to the reading of God's Word, or to the prescribed form of prayer, of which, we understand, Archbishop Lynch himself, has approved. But if they should object, they have their remedy in the Separate Schools, or in abstention from the religious exercises. Even in a purely educational point of view, no book will so help to form a correct taste, and so fill the mind with sweet cadences and lofty thoughts as the Bible. No book is such a well of English undefiled, infinitely better than either Marmion or Burke. It was the Roman Catholic Newman, who has written one of the noblest and most touching elogies in our language of this book.

The deputation asked also for some simple, unsectarian sections in the school-readers, or otherwise, on the narrative and historical parts of the Scriptures. The old Irish national readers, in which the present

writer was trained by the Rev. Mr. Laing, who now leads this movement had an admirable series of such lessons, at which the extremest bigot could take no offence. They have never been equalled in the public readers introduced since.

There lies before us as we write, the admirable book of "First Lessons in Christian Morals" prepared for the use of Canadian families and schools, by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson. This book the entire Council of Public Instruction, including Bishop Lynch himself, approved, recommended and authorized. And a more concise, simple, Scriptural and unsectarian system of Christian morality we never saw. In these days when skepticism pervades the very atmosphere, the early study of such a book would save many a boy and girl from becoming in later years the victim of its spacious lies of infidelity.

It is disheartening to witness the way in which questions affecting in the gravest manner the welfare of society, are made the shuttlecock of party politics, and are discussed by great organs not on their merits but with a view to securing votes. Of this the country has had a nauseating experience in the Marmion Controversy, and in the discussion of the question of the Bible in the Public Schools.

Methodist Union—The Superannuation Fund.

The Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A., of London, has laid the Methodism of the Dominion under obligation by the great labour and care which he has bestowed upon the compilation of statistical tables, showing the numerical status, church property, and connexional funds of the different branches of Canadian Methodism. In addition to his valuable papers in this Magazine, he has contributed to the *Guardian* of November 8th, an important article, since published separately. Without any prepossession in favour of union, we think, Bro. Ross has been led by the study of the statistics of Methodism to strong convictions, not only of its great desirability, but also of its eminent practicability. The equitable distribution of the Superannuation Fund is one of the chief difficulties. He proposes that all ministers' pay into a common fund for four years at the same rate as they now pay into the separate funds, and that all claimants draw out a sum not less than their last year's claim for four years; and that thereafter all ministers pay in the same amounts, and all claimants receive what the General Conference may decide to be equitable. He vindicates the justice of this arrangement by copious facts and figures for which we must refer to his article. It shows at least, we judge, that this difficulty is by no means insuperable.

In this movement the rights and interests of the present and prospective claimants on the Superannuation Fund must be carefully guarded; and also the rights and interests of our brethren on the dependent circuits and on domestic missions. They must not be left to bear the burden of the temporary financial difficulties which may arise from union; which, though only transient as compared with the life-time of a Church may cover several years of the life-time of a man. Nor is there need that they should. Here the advantage of our connexional character comes in. It is a recognized principle of our Church that we should bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ; and that they that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak; that the rich and self-supporting circuits should help the poor and dependent ones. Brother Dowler's plan, that each member coming into the united Church should pay a dollar is a good one—all could do that for the accomplishment of such a glorious object as the unification of the Methodism of Canada, and many could do much more than that.

We would personally, strongly favour the creation of a special relief and sustentation fund to tide over the temporary difficulties that might accompany union. Under the impulse of that great movement,

hearts and purses, we are confident, would be so liberally opened that ample relief for any transient need would be secured.

Our good brother of the *Canada Christian Advocate* takes exception to our mild remark that he seems, from the tone of his editorials, less friendly to the movement than his worthy predecessor, and is at a loss to know from what facts we draw that inference. Yet in the very next column our esteemed *confrere* remarks with reference to this union movement, "We are constrained to say that in our opinion, it is likely to prove before long that there is far more wind than rain in the overhanging cloud, and if every man will stand firm at his post and be true to the duties required of him, after a little commotion it will pass by without any very serious effect and the good ship will speed on in the Master's service as before." To which we will only say,

> Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head.

We believe, to adopt the figure of our brother editor, that we shall all be sailing in the same good Methodist ship yet, and with wider spread of canvas, and with favouring gales, will speed on in the Master's service more gloriously than ever before.

Dr. Duff and Christian Missions. *

The subject of Christan missions is more and more attracting the attention of Christendom as the grandest exponent of practical Christianity since the days of the apostles. The literature of Christian missions is among the most interesting, the most instructive, the most edifying of the times. The list of Christian missionaries includes some of the most heroic souls who ever glorified humanity—a Martyn—a Carey—a Morrison—a Moffat—a Livingstone—a Duff. Twenty-eight years ago—so vivid is the impression that it seems but as yesterday—we heard Dr. Dnff addressing with impassioned eloquence a crowded audience in the old Richmond Street church, Toronto. We never witnessed such intense earnestness, such utter self-forgetfulness. He spoke for nearly three hours, striding about the platform, and indulging in the most extraordinary gestures—now thrusting his right hand deep into his trousers' pocket, then gathering up his coat tail under his arm; but all the while sweeping his whole audience along in a tide of deep emotion. We knew not till we read in his Life, in a confidential letter to his wife written from his sick room, that he was then a sick man more fit for his bed than for a public plaform. Yet in three days in Toronto he gave nine addresses. And this was but an example of his ceaseless work during his American tour—indeed, during his life.

The effect of his addresses were marvellous. At Montreal, after a three hours breakfast address, many ministers and others declared "that he must have been sent by the Head of the Church to rouse them from their apathy; that they could not think of the past without shame and sorrow; that they must resolve before God to do henceforth as they never did before." If the reading of this Life, in which being dead he yet speaketh, shall kindle in our hearts a kindred zeal for the conversion of a perishing world—the generous donor to all the ministers of our Church of this book shall have accomplished a work which shall greatly redound to the glory of God and the spread of the Gospel of His grace.

We shall take an early opportunity to give in this Magazine an outline of the life and work of this heroic missionary.

* *The Life of Alexander Duff*, D D. LL.D., by George Smith, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 478, 553. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $3.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Methodist Church of Canada.

This is the Centenary year of Methodism in Eastern British America. Our brethren in that part of the Dominion are now holding services, in commemoration of the event, and are raising a fund to be applied to the endowment of a chair in Mount Allison College, bearing the honoured name of the Rev. William Black, who was the founder of Methodism in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Rev Dr. Rice, President of the General Conference, has been lending his valuable aid to this object both in the pulpit and on the platform, to the great delight of the audiences, some of whom were accustomed to listen to his earnest ministrations more than thirty years ago. An interesting volume has also been published, which is a valuable repository, containing a Centennial Address by Dr. Douglas, a Centennial Sermon by the Rev. J. Lathern, and other valuable information which is especially interesting to all Methodists.

The Rev. David Winter, of the Montreal Conference, has been labouring during the present year as an evangelist, spending a few weeks at such places as may desire his services. From the reports published where he has laboured, there is reason to believe that the appointment is accomplishing all that its advocates predicted at the Conference, when the brother was designated to this department of labour.

A few months ago fears were entertained that a Methodist Church at the west end of Montreal would be sold, as the congregation was unable to meet the mortgage, but by the blessing of God on the labours of the Rev. J. W. Sparling, M.A., the mortgage has been discharged, and the church saved.

The Rev. Geo. Young, D.D., General Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, is at present attending Missionary Meetings in the Maritime Provinces, after which he will come westward for the same purpose. His extensive travels in the Prairie Province and the Northwest generally, where he has reaped so much valuable Missionary experience, will make him an important member of any Missionary deputation. It is to be hoped that the income of the Society may be largely increased during the present year. In no other way can the pressing demands upon it be met.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Miss Cartmell, of Hamilton, has taken her departure to Japan, where she will labour in connection with our Mission in that important Mission-field, from which so many items of interest are being received. Take the following :—

"A noteworthy indication of the progress of Sunday-School work in Japan, is to be found in the fact that the little Japanese Sunday-School paper edited by Mrs. Miller, of Tokio, has a monthly circulation of more than 3,000."

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* says that more than 1,000 persons are annually converted at Georgia Camp Meetings.

The recently-appointed Bishops are proving themselves to be eminently worthy of the title "Itinerant General Superintendents." One of them, Bishop Hargrave, recently travelled 3,000 miles in less than three weeks. Bishop McTyeire, who visited our General Conference, came direct from a Conference in Kentucky, and since then he has

presided at a Conference in Illinois, and then returned to his home in Nashville, where he had not been for more than a month.

The following statistics respecting the increase in the various Methodist bodies in England, shows how that Methodism still retains a foremost place among the churches of the land:—Wesleyan Methodist, 12,674; Primitive Methodist 5,978; Bible Christians, 2,000; Methodist Free Church, 1,200; Methodist New Connexion, 861; Total, 22,713.

If the different Methodist bodies in Germany could be united they would show something like the following aggregate:—Travelling preachers, 174; Members and Probationers, 2,057.

Woman's Work.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, the well-known coloured evangelist, is reported as diligently labouring among the Liberian Colonists, and lamenting a lack of temperance and religious publications to aid her in her work. Liberia presents usually the most dreary report at the annual meetings of the General Missionary Committee. If Mrs. Smith can stir up some life in that country that shall show itself in aggressive Christian work she will accomplish a much-to-be-desired result.

A society, composed principally of ladies of the aristocracy, has been formed in St. Petersburgh, for the purpose of distributing religious and moral tracts.

Three Bengali Christian women have made a preaching tour on the banks of the Ganges, on behalf of their heathen sisters who gather in large numbers there. Sometimes as many as one hundred women listened to the Gospel of purification, not through the waters of the Ganges, but by the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

There is published in Calcutta a small monthly magazine called the *Kristyia Mohati;* or, *Christian Woman.* The writers are all native converted Christian women.

Think of a Woman's Christian Convention held in Persia, on the plain of Oroomiah, and of native women preparing and reading essays on faith and the training of children! The heart of the missionary is greatly encouraged at the manner in which they conducted themselves. Eight villages were represented, and they organized a Society, and some of the women were appointed to visit the different villages, so that the hope is expressed that the whole plain of Barandoog may be Christianized through these women.

The Wesleyan Ladies' Missionary Committee is vigorously canvassing the principal towns of England, for the purpose of securing aid for the more effectual promotion of female education among heathen nations and tribes. It is especially true in Eastern countries that the ordinary missionary work trains boys and informs men, and then leaves them without the prospect of wives like-minded and fitted for the altered circumstances. The latter work, women only can do. Hence the formation of the Ladies' Committee.

The Montreal Auxiliary of the Woman's Missionary Society subscribes $100 per annum to the French Institute, gives $50 per annum for the French parsonage furniture, maintains a very efficient Bible woman, and helps in reducing the debt on the First French Methodist Church.

Well might Dr. Johnson say, "I stand amazed before the revelations of the last decade, as to how women may help Christ's kingdom to come. What unused and unguessed resources have been lying hid, which this woman's work for woman has called out of their secret places and sent on missionary errands around the world! It is the dawn of a new day, and there scarcely has been a brighter since the angels made Judean air thick with melody at the birth of Jesus. It looks, after all, as if a strategic point in the warfare for this world's supremacy were the heart of a woman. That won and the family is won. And when up goes the family, down goes heathenism."

THE DEATH ROLL.

Bishop Robert Paine, D.D., Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died October 18th, 1882. He was a man of great symmetry of character, and was regarded as an eloquent preacher and a prudent administrator. In age he was an octogenarian, and had been in the Methodist ministry more than sixty years. He was only relieved from active duties at the last General Conference, held in May, 1882. The Church mourns the loss of such a father in Israel.

Our brethren in Eastern British America have lost one of their number, the Rev. H. McKeown, who died very suddenly at his home in Sussex, N. B. The deceased was a man of mark among his brethren. He was seven times elected chairman of his district, and was a member of the first General Conference. For twenty-nine years he was a faithful servant of the Church, during which he was stationed in some of the most important circuits. He was a good pastor, and during the last day of his life he was engaged in this important part of ministerial duty. He took great interest in Sunday-schools. He retired to rest without complaining of indisposition, but towards morning he was heard to breathe heavily, when medical aid was called, but he passed away to his heavenly rest, and thus ceased at once to work and live.

The Rev. Daniel Connolly, of the Montreal Conference, was also during the month of October called to his reward. For more than twenty-five years he had faithfully discharged the duties of a Methodist Minister in the eastern portions of Ontario and the Province of Quebec. Judging from his noble physique, it might have been supposed that for many years to come he would have occupied a prominent place among his brethren ; but heart-disease suddenly terminated his career.

The Rev. E. S. Shibley, of the London Conference, has also been called away. His death was occasioned by an accident which he received a few weeks ago, by which he was thrown out of his buggy : brain fever followed, which soon terminated his career, November 6, 1882. He had only been eight years in the ministry.

As these notes are being written, news has reached the writer of the sudden death of the Rev. M. Stafford, Roman Crtholic Priest, Lindsay. In his death the Temperance community has lost a valuable friend. He was greatly beloved by all classes.

ITEMS.

Testimonies to the value of Methodism are often made by persons outside of the community itself. Sir A. E. Havelock, the recently appointed Govenor on the West Coast of Africa, on his arrival at Sierra Leone, was presented with an address from the Wesleyan Missionaries of the colony, to which in his reply he said that, " it had been his good fortune to witness in more than one remote region the good results which have attended the missionary efforts of the Wesleyan body. At the Cape and in the West Indies, he had observed them work. In the Fiji Islands the courage, organization and zeal shown by the Wesleyan missionaries is beyond all praise. A whole nation has been rescued from heathenism, and the most cruel barbarism ; and in the achievement of this success, the Wesleyans have been almost alone.

Sir Richard Temple has written a book on India, which contains a chapter on Missions, which deserves an attentive perusal from all who sneer at Missions in general, and Missions in India especially. Speaking of the results of the expenditure incurred, he says, " A similar result in secular affairs obtained by like resources would not be regarded as otherwise than satisfactory."

Concerning the converts from Hindooism, Sir Richard says, " Though they may not display all the finer virtues of Christianity, they must have some of such virtues, for they must have cast out with an effort many superstitions, they must have dedicated their thoughts to truth alone. * * * Despite many temptations, the instances of apostacy have been very rare."

The *Missionary Notices* for October, among other interesting communications, contains one from the Rev. F. Woodman, Treleaven, in South Africa, giving an account of a visit to Fourteen Streams, whither he had been invited to "marry certain couples, baptize both adults and children, give tickets, and preach to them." No missionary had ever visited this place before. Mr. W. went as soon as convenient, and after a toilsome journey reached the place, and in due time commenced religious service, which continued from 4.30 until 9 p.m. He renewed tickets to eighty members, all of whom except one paid a shilling for his ticket, and that one, evidently an old man in poverty, paid sixpence. The persons thus received into the Church had been brought to a knowledge of the truth by means of the labours of one Daniel Molife, a Kaffir, who eight years before was a heathen living in Natal. There he heard the Gospel from the Methodist Missionary, and was converted and became a local preacher and class-leader. Two years afterwards he removed to Fourteen Streams, where he found the people all heathens, but soon began to preach to them, got them to build a church, and formed them into classes as they accepted Christ, though he kept some of them on trial as much as five years. He soon became a man of influence both with the chief and the people generally. In this way he laboured for six years, and no one knew of this Church save a Church of England missionary, who repeatedly made overtures to Daniel and his people to join their Church, but, true to their convictions, they remained firm, and even the Chief deferred his own marriage nearly two months until a Wesleyan Missionary could be secured, though he could have been married before by a Clergyman of the other Church.

The government daily paper in Tokio, consents to insert an advertisement of the Scriptures, which is regarded by the missionaries as an important concession.

The Theological Seminary and Training School has been removed from Yokohama to Tokio. Dr. Maclay says that both schools are now conducted in a house rented in the Foreign Concession of Tokio. He is hopeful that the removal to Tokio will be a great advantage to the mission.

There are still heroes in the Mission field. An itinerant writes from Kansas :—In going the round of my appointments yesterday, I had to strap my clothes on my back and swim the streams.

The corner-stone of the Seney Hospital, at Brooklyn, New York, was laid September 20th. This grand Methodist Hospital is being erected through the munificence of Mr. G. I. Seney, who gave the land, valued at $40,000, and $200,000 in cash. Mr. Seney is a worthy son of a distinguished and devoted minister, now deceased, of the New York Conference. The Editor of *Zion's Herald* prays that the days of Mr. Seney may be many, to shovel out the gold that God shovels in, as during the past three years he has given in Christian charities at the rate of $1,000 a day.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Lives of John and Charles Wesley. By JOHN WHITEHEAD, M.D., with steel portrait. Cr. 8 vo. pp. 572. Toronto : William Briggs. Premium volume given with this magazine for 40c.

Every historian of the progress of England during the eighteenth century now admits that one of the most noteworthy events of that period was the rise and progress of Methodism under the leadership of John and Charles Wesley. Indeed, looked at in its broadest aspects, no event since the conversion of the Roman Empire, except, perhaps,

the Reformation of the 16th century, will compare with it for far reaching influence and magnificent results. Within a little over a century it has enrolled under its banner four and twenty millions of the race, or one-seventh of protestant Christendom—dwelling in many lands and speaking many tongues. And besides this, the quickening and reawakening of the national Church and of the dissenting Churches of Great Britain, and the impulse given to missionary and philantrophic labour throughout the world, is largely to be attributed to the influence of Methodism.

The study, therefore, of the lives of the two remarkable brothers, divinely raised up to be the agents of this great revival, is the duty of all who bear the name of Methodists. We are glad to be able to furnish in connection with this magazine the means for that study in the admirable Lives of the Wesleys which is offered as a premium therewith. Dr. Whitehead's is the first and is one of the most complete Lives of the Wesleys ever written. To him, in association with Dr. Coke and Henry Moore, John Wesley left, by will, all his manuscripts, and Dr. Whitehead was invited by the London preachers to preach John Wesley's funeral sermon. Most of the subsequent Lives of the founders of Methodism, are based largely upon this, and this contains much correspondence between the brothers, and with leaders of the movement, not found elsewhere. It gives a full acaccount of the remarkable Wesley family, and gives full details of that wonderful movement called Methodism. It records also John Wesley's unhappy love affairs, both in America and in England, but treats them with more delicacy and tenderness than does Tyerman in his exhaustive Life. It does not attempt to conceal his faults, his credulousness of ghost stories and supernatural interpositions. But these were largely the growth of the times in which he lived. He shared them with such men as Dr. Johnson and Cotton Mather and Judge Hale. But on most of the great moral questions which affect society, John Wesley was far ahead of his age, and is still ahead of some who call themselves his disciples.

We feel bound, however, in noticing this book to take strong exception to the treatment of one particular subject. It only occupies, it is true, some 13 of the 578 pages, and a good deal of that space is taken up with correspondence between the Wesleys, and with statements of historic fact, but from the conclusions reached we must record our dissent. The passage has reference to the ordination by John Wesley, and two other presbyters of the Church of England, of Dr. Coke as Bishop of the Methodist Church in America. Dr. Whitehead strongly takes sides with Charles Wesley in condemning that act, as unwarranted and unjustifiable. While admitting with Dr. Abel Stevens, who strongly defends it, that it was a most extraordinary proceeding, we claim that its wisdom has been justified by the result, and that, with John Wesley's common sense views of the Scriptural identity in order of Bishop and Presbyter, he was abundantly warranted in his act. But we judge that had Dr. Whitehead lived a few years longer than he did, he would have greatly modified or reversed his opinions on this subject, and also on the celebrated "deed of declaration," to which he also takes exception. Dr. Whitehead thinks that John Wesley, being then in his eighty-second year, was over-persuaded to this act by Coke. Charles Wesley very warmly remonstrated with his brother, but the correspondence, which is very interesting, does honour to them both. We quote the closing paragraph :

"I thank you for your intention to remain my friend. Herein my heart is as your heart. Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder. We have taken each other for better for worse, till death do us—part? No, no; but eternally unite. Therefore in the love which never faileth, I am, your affectionate friend and brother. C. Wesley."

We hope that all the readers of the magazine will procure and study this important work.

Character-Sketches. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Cr. 8vo, pp. 397. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, $1 50.

In this volume Dr. Stevens has collected a series of admirable studies in biography and criticism. The subjects are some of the most noted in the entire range of literature, except the first which belongs rather to heroic action.

Under the somewhat incongrous title of "Pastor and Colonel," Henri Arnaud, was at once the spiritual and military leader of the exiled Vaudois in their glorious return to their mountain homes. The world never witnessed a more brilliant achievement. Three hundred and sixty-seven men withstood a siege of eight months, shut in by 22,000 soldiers, and were victorious on eighteen engagements. Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand was a trivial exploit compared with this return of the Vaudois. Macaulay, or the Literary Life, gives a resume of the most extraordinary literary career of modern times. Klopstock and his Meta, or Love and Literature, is a touching story of the tender domestic relations of the author of the Mesiah. Mary Somerville, or Woman and Science, is a record our girls should all read, showing how a woman kept her house, taught her children, practiced music and painting, studied languages, literature, poetry, and wrote some of the profoundest scientific works of the day, and in her ninety-second year wrote "I am still able to read books on the higher algebra four or five hours in the morning." The cameo sketch of Madam de Stael is a graphic account of the brilliant writer whom the despot Napoleon feared and hated more than a hostile army and whom he persecuted with all the malignity of his spiteful nature. The account of Voltaire's literary life among the Swiss, gives one a more favourable idea of the arch-skeptic than many have entertained. We should not forget his passionate championship of the Huguenot martyrs, Calas and Sirven, and the reversal which he secured, after years of persistent effort, of their unjust condemnation.

The sketch of Channing "Heretic and Reformer," reveals a man of saintly character, of purest philanthropy, of most lovable spirit, who in spite of a doctrinal aberration must be dear to the heart of every lover of the beautiful, the pure, the true. One of the most noteworthy essays is that on John Wesley, for which the studies of a life-time have given the author the amplest preparation.

We know of no work of its extent which gives so succinct yet adequate a view of the so many of the great characters of history and literature who are best worth knowing about.

Schelling's Transcendental Idealism, A Critical Exposition. By JOHN WATSON, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Queen's University, Kingston. Pp. 257. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

This is the second volume of "Griggs' Philosophical Classics," the most important philosophical series yet projected on this continent. Each volume is designed to give a critical exposition of some one masterpiece of German philosophy. The first of these, an exposition of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, has been received with a chorus of approval. We augur for this second volume of the series a similar reception. It is to us a matter for congratulation, that a Canadian scholar contributes such an admirable volume to this important series.

Friedrich Wilhelm von Schelling is one of the most noteworthy of the modern school of German philosophers. At the age of twenty, before he left the University of Tubingin, he had found the principle of his peculiar system, which was to supersede the critical philosophy of Kant, and the subjective idealism of Fichte. At the age of twenty-four he gave at Jena a course of brilliant lectures, which aroused the highest enthusiasm; and at Munich he subsequently

attracted admiring auditors from all parts of Germany, from France, England and Greece. In 1841 he became the successor of Hegel at the University of Berlin, and was lauded as the "*Spiritus rector* of the century, who through philosophy, was to lead philosophy back to Christ."

In this book of Dr. Watson's, we have the key to his system, which will here be studied with greater advantage by the average reader, than in the fourteen volumes of the master's philosophical works.

Centenary of Methodism in Eastern British America, 1782-1882. Published under the direction of the Centennial Committee. Pp. 123. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Our brethren in the Maritime Provinces, are now engaged in the very interesting work of celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of the planting of Methodism in that part of Canada. It was a very happy thought, and very successfully carried out, to prepare and publish this volume, as a memorial of the occasion. Certainly the hand of God is very visibly seen in the planting of that germ, from which has grown such a goodly tree. Every Methodist, not only in the East, but in the West as well, will find his faith strengthened, and his zeal quickened by the perusal of this very interesting volume. We have first, an excellent introduction, by Dr. McMurray; then, an admirable sermon, by Mr. Lathern, from which, by permission, we have made copious quotations in this number. We have not, however, given the half of it. Then follows a magnificent address, by Dr. Douglas, on the historical, and doctrinal development of Methodism. This alone is worth the price of the book. The Rev. J. Sutcliffe contributes a sheaf of interesting jubilee recollections, and the Rev. S. F. Huestis, a forcible address on centennial responsibilities. We hope that many of our readers will procure this volume, and the Rev. T. Watson Smith's History of Methodism in Eastern British America. They are two of the most stimulating and edifying books we have read for a long time. It is well, in these days of ease and luxury, to remind ourselves of the heroism, and privations of our Methodist ancestry, in these lands.

The Hour Will Come: A Tale of an Alpine Cloister. By WILHILMINE VON HILLERN. From the German. By CLARA BELL; pp. 273. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price, 75 cents.

Higher than the Church; An Art Legend of Ancient Times. Same author and publisher, and same book-seller. Price, 75 cents.

The former of these stories vividly reproduces the cloister life of the monastery of Marienberg, in the High Alps, six hundred years ago. Across the centuries we feel the throbbings of kindred emotions, kindred joys, and kindred sorrows to those which agitate our hearts to-day. By a strange chance an infant is adopted by the monks and trained up for the tonsure and cowl; but the great primal, God-implanted, instincts of nature against which he tragically strives prove stronger than even the monastic repression under which he is trained. The characterization of the old monks, some noble and pious, some vindictictive and selfish, is very admirably done, especially the sketch of the human sympathies awakened in their hearts by the presence in their midst of a little child. The interpretation of the varied aspects of nature, of the mountain loneliness, glaciers and storms is highly poetic. These old Benedictine monasteries, with all the faults and errors of the system of which they were the creation, were in an age of rapine and violence, almost the only refuge for thoughful and studious minds, and were the sanctuaries in which were preserved during the Dark Ages the learning and literature of earlier times.

The second book is a quaint old art legend about the carved high altar of the Cathedral of Breisach, on the Rhine, similar to that which

gives such a human interest to the carved statue of Sabina, of Strassburg, to the Well of Matseys at Antwerp, to the Prentice Pillar of Roslyn Chapel. The simplicity of its narration by the old Sacristan adds to the charm of the story.

John Lyon, or, From the Depths. By RUTH ELLIOTT, author of "James Daryll," etc. 12 mo. pp. 471. London: Wesleyan Conference Office; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

It is of this book that the Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the Wesleyan Conference, says, that he wished he could persuade every Christian in the land to buy that wonderful book, "John Lyon." Induced by this high praise, we procured the book and read it. We can easily understand how a man who has given himself with such devotion as Charles Garrett to rescue the perishing, should so heartily commend this volume and seek to extend its influence. It is a record of successful work for Christ among the lowest classes in London, among whom are some who have sunk from its highest rank. The grim tragedy and pathos of life among the victims of intemperance and crime, will excite the deepest sympathy, and, we trust, will lead many to engage in the Christ-like work of seeking and saving that which is lost. The book is characterized by the same intensity of feeling and deep religious spirit that mark the story of James Daryll's Conversion, the serial story that is to run through this magazine during the coming year.

Home Life in the Bible. By HENRIETTA LEE PALMER. Large 8vo. pp. 428, with 220 engravings. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cloth, $3.50.

There have been a great many cheap clap-trap books of so-called Bible Illustration foisted on a much-enduring public. So copious is the literature on this subject that it might almost be thought that nothing new could be brought forward. Yet the accomplished author of this book has hit upon a novel and very interesting way of illustrating the family life of Bible-lands, both in its physical environment and conditions, and in it social and religious constitution and spirit. The author presents an admirable summary of what is known about the habitations of the ancient people of Bible stoiy, their mode of life, their food, their cookery, their education, their amusements, their customs in marriage and in mourning, their employments and servants, dress and ornaments, music, festivals, alms and hospitalities, sickness, death and burial, and their religious worship. The references to texts of the Bible are abundant, and very many of the explanations of obscure allusions are exceedingly apt and forcible. The grouping of the illustrations about these various topics, makes them more striking and more easily remembered than if given without connection, as they are in a Bible dictionary. In many respects, we prefer this volnme to Dr. Thompson's famous "Land and the Book," which for a long time has been a sort of classic in the way of Bible illustration. The name of James R. Osgood, the publisher of many of the best issues of the American press, on the title page, is in itself a guarantee of the literary and mechanical excellence of the book. Its artistic beauty and intrinsic merit will make it an admirable gift-book for the season.

The *Atlantic Monthly* occupies a place in American literature somewhat analogous to that of *Blackwood* in Great Britian. It relies exclusively upon its high-class character apart from illustrations. It announces for 1883 attractions unequalled by any other Magazine:—A long dramatic poem, by Longfellow—America's greatest poet's latest word; a posthumous romance, by Hawthorne; contributions, by The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Henry James, jr., W. D. Howells, Charles Dudley, Warner, Whittier, Lowell, Aldrich, and a host of the foremost writers in America. The *Atlantic* will be clubbed with this MAGAZINE at $3.20; the regular price is $4.00.